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POLITICAL ECONOMY IN AMERICA.

At a meeting of political economists held at Saratoga in the month of September, 1885, in order to form an economic society —finally called the American Economic Association—Professor Alexander Johnston, of Princeton College, defined the purposes of the contemplated organization, as understood by him, in these words:

"This is an effort to stop the formation of any 'crust' on the development of economics, to assert the economic right of attempts to develop in every direction, unhampered by any accusation of heterodoxy, with the assurance that unlimited freedom of individual attempt to develop will bring about the truest, most natural, and healthiest development."

Other ideas were brought out in the interesting discussion about the aims which should animate a body of American economists at the present time, and valuable suggestions were derived from men like Hon. Andrew D. White; Rev. Dr. Washington Gladden; Professor Henry C. Adams, of Michigan University; Professor E. J. James, of the University of Pennsylvania; Dr. Herbert B. Adams, of the Johns Hopkins University; Dr. Edwin R. A. Seligman, of Columbia College; Professor Andrews, of Brown University; and President Charles Kendall Adams, of Cornell University.

There can be no doubt, however, that all present agreed with

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Professor Johnston, and it is equally certain that he struck the key-note of future progress in economics.

But what did the undertaking signify? What did it mean to remove the "crust" already formed on the development of economics and to prevent its formation in the future? It is necessary for us to get a clear idea of this, if we would understand the past history and present condition of economic science in America.

The word "heterodoxy" uttered by Professor Johnston is one which throws a whole flood of light on the situation. The utterly unscientific conceptions, orthodoxy and heterodoxy, had crept into political economy; and men had with their aid attempted to check every advance in the science with a strong hand. What was orthodox? What was heterodox? Certain Englishmen, Ricardo, Malthus, Mill, Senior, successors of Adam Smith, had developed an à priori political economy which was well-pleasing to influential social elements. This was still further purified by later successors until the strong and mighty could find in it nothing to terrify "or make afraid," nothing to disturb their calm repose. This at last became the political economy of the most conservative portion of the press, and as such gave us, to use the words of Professor Gustav Cohn, not a description of actual life, but at best a picture of the life of men in society such as one might expect to find in the "Dream of the Millionaire." It was a Utopia as dangerous as it was pleasing. Imported to this country, it acquired a strength in certain educated circles—particularly in the North and East—to which it could scarcely aspire, even in England. It was always ready with its little tests of orthodoxy to mete out praise or condemnation, to accord honor or shame. Acceptance of its creed was often a condition of academic preferment. A small clique of men, not without newspaper influence, constituted themselves its special guardians and, still maintaining that position, even now attempt to exercise a sort of terrorism over the intellect of the country. Any deviation from the straight and narrow path laid down by them was deeply damned. Was there not, indeed, that never-failing refuge of incompetence and malignity, the epithet "socialism," ready to hurl at all offenders?

Manifestly, the first need of the hour was to break this "crust," and this was a worthy object for the American Economic Association. "Orthodox" and "heterodox" must be as completely driven out of economic discussion as out of biology and mineralogy.

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Those who use these phrases must necessarily look back to the past to discover the belief of others, whereas science should ever keep its glance directed to the future and press on to the discovery of new truth.

This determination "to assert the right of attempts to develop in every direction, unhampered by any accusation of heterodoxy," is of particular importance in political economy, because, in the nature of things, economists worthy of the name always have been, and always will be, in opposition to current opinion. What is an economist? An economist is a man who studies the economic life of men as members of society. Now, if the science of economics is not a humbug, he must know more about industrial society than others, and that is simply saying, in other words, that he holds opinions not generally received. The true economist is a guide who always keeps in advance, who marks out new paths of social progress. This explains why the "heterodox" economist of one age becomes the "orthodox" economist of a succeeding one. Social development has gone on in the direction in which he foresaw it must move. An American writer in 1820, for example, speaks of the "gross heresies" of Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," and even this great "Father" of English political economy did not escape the reproach of socialism. Could that progressive, far-seeing man know that his name was now used to retard the advance of his favorite study, he surely could not rest easy in his grave!

All articles on political economy in America written before 1880 are chiefly concerned with the question: Why have Americans done comparatively nothing to advance the science of industrial society? This is the nature of Professor Dunbar's article on "Political Economy in the United States from 1776 to 1876," which appeared in the NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW in the latter year; it is also the nature of T. E. Cliffe Leslie's article on "Political Economy in the United States," which appeared in the *Fortnightly Review*, in 1880. The main thought brought out is the preponderating importance attached to the pursuit of wealth rather than to an inquiry as to its philosophy in this new country. The absence of obviously pressing economic questions is also dwelt upon by both writers. All this is true. The two chief causes of research in economics are large financial questions, and wide-spread dissatisfaction among the masses with existing social

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arrangements, coupled with a determination to change these radically. Our late civil war brought us one of these two chief causes of economic study; events of the past ten years have brought us the other. Thus has a mighty impulse been given to the development of political economy. But there is another aspect of the situation—not unrelated to what has already been said about economic orthodoxy—which deserves mention. The chairs of political economy in the United States have in the past been filled, to large extent, by men who were not appointed, like professors of chemistry, as searchers after truth, but as advocates—chiefly of free trade or protection as the case might be. This has been sufficiently understood, and it has acted injuriously in several ways. It has kept the best men out of the academic career, and it has repressed aspirations looking in the direction of new scientific explorations. Finally, it has reduced the influence of political economists to a minimum. Business men have despised them, while their power to guide and direct the thought of the laboring classes has been less than nothing. It has been so generally felt that professors of political economy in America were mere advocates of existing institutions, that the masses have turned away from them in angry impatience, and have been prejudiced even against the important and unassailable doctrines which they did teach. Thus has the task been rendered more difficult for those truly scientific men who with the impartiality of all science, tell the plain truth to all classes and would thus benefit all alike—for a lie is of no permanent benefit to any one! And what about the politicians? Well, every one knows they have given themselves little concern about political economy, and the political economists often censure them severely on this account. While the politicians doubtless deserve it, there is another side to the case, brought out by my good friend Professor Jesse Macy in those felicitous words: "A political science which does not at least honestly seek to give direction to actual politics is an unmitigated nuisance. Colleges and universities have in the past been treated with contempt by practical politicians simply because their work has been contemptible. Politicians are the last men in the world to treat with contempt a respectable and efficient political power and influence."

The present time is one in which the evolution of society is proceeding with more than its usual rapidity, and it is evident

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that we need a positive constructive political economy, and this requirement the old political economy cannot meet. Let the reader consider for a moment the age in which its great masters, Quesnay, Turgot, and Adam Smith, lived. It was the latter half of the eighteenth century, when the progress of industry was retarded by a multitude of old institutions, good in their day, doubtless, but then antiquated. The cry of men who understood their time was, "Remove the barriers! clear the way for new social forms!" The work which the great economists advocated during that period was very properly negative and destructive. It ought not then to surprise us that when we go to our old text-books of political economy to seek advice in reference to practical measures, the one chief lesson which we learn is "DON'T." Manifestly, the call of our age is DO.

A new movement in economics was then inevitable, and it has already come. Its precise beginning cannot, perhaps, be ascertained, but the writings of the distinguished head of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, General Francis A. Walker, first made it a clearly recognized accomplished fact in America. Probably, his works have inspired more of the American economists under thirty-five—possibly under forty—than those of any other man. He sowed seed which is now springing up and bearing fruit in all parts of our land. The movement was furthered by the establishment of new chairs of political economy in American colleges and universities, which was due to the wonderful impulse given to the study by the undeniable existence of those two classes of economic phenomena to which reference has already been made; namely, large financial problems and pressing social questions. Before 1876 one might have counted on one's fingers the institutions where any serious instruction in political economy was given, whereas provision is now made for its study in every one of the more prominent colleges of the country; and although it is still inadequate in most cases, this is a remarkable advance. There are now a few colleges with two or three instructors, even, and it is not foolish to hope that in a not remote future we shall have as completely developed departments of political economy as we now have of physics and chemistry in our best universities.

Another good sign is the growing faith, both within and without our institutions of learning, in truth. People value the searcher for truth more than formerly, the mere advocate less. It is a sig-

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nificant fact that the youngest of the great American universities, the Johns Hopkins, founded in 1876, took for its motto, "Veritas vos liberabit." Another equally significant fact is this: The Johns Hopkins University assumed a non-partisan attitude in natural science. Its biological laboratory was instituted solely for the search of truth, regardless of consequences. Darwinian and anti-Darwinian doctrines, as such, could not be considered. Some good people were prejudiced against the University at the start on this account, and looked with much trepidation upon its teachings; but in ten years this has for a large part disappeared, and no college has warmer, more devoted friends among the clergy. This means faith in truth and a conscious recognition of the fact that one truth cannot clash with another. One other illustration of this all-important point must follow, if the reader will pardon a personal allusion. When the writer's name was brought forward for the position of teacher of political economy in the Johns Hopkins University five years ago, the authorities of the institution, true to their motto, asked no questions about his opinions in regard to free trade and protection or anything else, although these were then as unknown as he himself. There was simply an endeavor to ascertain his qualifications for the position. This is an experience which is probably almost unique.

People are learning, both in political economy and natural science, that truth alone can make them free; that truth alone has in it the power of life; that truth—not error—is able to conserve the good, and that to fear it is unworthy of an enlightened people.

There has been the same remarkable progress in the development of an economic literature in America, which has been noted elsewhere. To confine ourselves to the past few months, such works may be mentioned as James on "The Relation of the Modern Municipality to the Gas Supply;" Shaw on "Co-operation in a Western City"—two remarkable publications of the American Economic Association—Hudson on "Railways and the Republic;" Hadley on "Railroad Transportation," and Laughlin on "Bimetallism in the United States." These are all based on investigations in the rich field of American economic life. We have also bold endeavors to reconstruct fundamental principles in economics, like Patten's "Premises of Political Economy," and J. B. Clark's "Philosophy of Wealth." All these are works of international importance.

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One year ago there was no economic periodical in the United States. To-day there are three, and all evidently rest on a permanent basis. They are the bi-monthly monographs of the American Economic Association, published in Baltimore; the Political Science Quarterly of Columbia College, and the Quarterly Journal of Economics, published under the auspices of Harvard University.

A change in the conception of political economy must not fail to be noticed in this place. Its scope has become enlarged, and it is not quite the same thing which it was once. It has become a distinctively ethical science, and necessarily includes purpose within its province. It is clearly recognized that the will of man is a chief factor in economic life, and that, within certain limits, we can have just such a social system as we choose—always, be it observed, however, within certain limits. Accordingly, ideals for the individual, for the State, for society, for the church, are placed before men, and they are urged to strive for them in every practicable way. It is on this account, also, that the new political economy lays so much stress on ethical education, for it is seen that errors as often proceed from the heart as from the head.

It must not be supposed that the new political economy has gained exclusive sway even in the colleges and universities of the United States—much less outside of them. Still it is making its way rapidly; it is accepted by the teachers in most of our colleges, and it is *beginning* to permeate the thought of our time, as may be seen in the utterances of press and pulpit.

The economists of the older school cannot, either, be denied their use. They are not mere drags on the car of progress, but with their criticism, sharp and ungracious though it sometimes be, they render the advance surer.

In conclusion, however, it is undeniable that the prime need of the hour is increased light in economics, a further development of the new political economy, and the qualities indispensable in the men who would carry on the work already so auspiciously begun are these: a good heart, a strong intellect, and dauntless courage.

RICHARD T. ELY.

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OUR KING IN DRESS COAT.

THE late John Stuart Mill remarked in my hearing that he did not wonder that there should be serious faults in the Constitution of the United States, but he did wonder that, among a people so generally educated as the Americans, there had been developed no school of critics and reformers of the Constitution. In explanation I could only exclaim "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The investment in the Constitution was large enough to evolve a generation of believers that it came down from heaven. Since the overthrow of slavery the silver image has shown some signs of turning to clay. When, in 1872, I wrote my little book on "Republican Superstitions," for use in the French Convention, then engaged in framing a Constitution, I could not discover any American work of the kind indicated by Mr. Mill; but since then several able criticisms of our organic law have appeared, such as Lockwood's "Abolition of the Presidency," and Stickney's "Democratic Government." Emerson remarked, as a phenomenon, that there are times when the American eagle bears a curious resemblance to a peacock. It is not unlikely that this Centenary of our Constitution will witness such transformation. But, after the gorgeous tail has been sufficiently spread, it is to be hoped that the eagle eye will scan with more clearness than hitherto the century of our constitutional history. The time is ripe as the occasion is picturesque. There is no question of serious interest in the national politics, and nothing could so fitly supersede the petty disputes at the Capitol, over office holders and Mormons, as a thorough inquest of the Nation into its organic system, as illustrated by its hundred experimental years.

In that century one fact is salient: its history is a series of presidential biographies. Its foreign wars have been the work of presidents; its Civil War was caused by the election of a presi-

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dent. There is no political crime which has not been committed by some president, and always with impunity. It is also observable that the presidency has been steadily developed into an office different from any contemplated by those who framed the Constitution. Only two members of that convention—Franklin and Randolph—appear to have clearly foreseen the perilous possibilities of "the one man power." At that time it appeared to the vast majority that government without individual headship was impossible; and the depth of the root of that belief may be measured by its having survived the fearful cost of its fruit. It is a characteristic of every superstition that it is never judged by its fruits; its root must be searched and truth planted beside it.

The phenomenon of an American potentate, stronger and less responsible than any other monarch in the world, has often been remarked but not explained. The Germans call him "the King in dress coat;" the French, "the Parvenu King;" but the President has an antiquity stretching far back of hereditary monarchs, and beneath his dress coat conceals the paint of the primitive warrior. In war, supremacy of an individual will was essential; the wisdom that comes of a multitude of counselors becomes unwisdom when safety depends on the instant action of all as one man. While war was the normal condition of mankind there was no hereditary chieftainship; their biggest, or cunningest, or bravest man was chosen by each tribe, under penalty of extermination. When the first age of peace began, this chieftain, invested with power to be used against alien tribes, could use it to choose and enthrone his successor; as this successor was generally his own son, there grew up the immemorial custom which is transcendent law. But as with peace, arts and interests are developed, and society becomes complex, the chief can no longer administer to these needs alone; he remains to represent force, that in which his throne was established, but he would be overthrown if this force could not be transformed from a purely militant to an adequately industrial arm. To this end the chief summons counselors and ministers. These relieve him of responsibility and secure his dynasty, but it is at the cost of personal power. For this loss the family which reigns without governing is compensated by the social lustre of nominal headship. But peace is liable to be broken, and it is then generally found that the hereditary chieftainship cannot resume its original

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function of leading in war. The luxury of palaces is not favorable to the breeding of warriors. If, at such juncture, when the laws and usages of peaceful society are suspended, and the community relapses temporarily into the martial condition, a warrior should arise able to lead his tribe to victory, the hereditary dynasty is liable to be overthrown. In the joy of safety and victory the warrior is hailed as a saviour; religious traditions and instructions declare him the chosen instrument of the war god, or god of battles; popular imagination invests him with supernatural glories which eclipse that of routine royalty. The man thus able to break the line of royal succession is recognizable through history; he is called demigod, hero, scourge of God, dictator, man of destiny, father of his country; he is Emperor by the grace of God; the Holy Ghost in form of a dove is seen hovering near his head, and is the emblem on his sceptre. By immediate divine commission he overrules the traditional "divine right" of kings; he can conquer or dissolve parliaments. Such, to recall words of the most salient example, Napoleon I., are "powerful mortals chosen by destiny, at certain given moments of history, to hold the place of a people, and towards whom when they appear each turns with the cry, 'Behold the Man!'" These men represent imperialism as distinguished from royalty. It is from the Mahomets, Cæsars, Cromwells, Napoleons, that the imperial line is formed. It is based in revolution and dependent on military glory. When the revolution is through ballots, instead of bayonets, and the chieftain is the most skillful political strategist, the Emperor is called a President.

Mais, que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère? How came it that an assembly of Americans should fall out of the line of the historic development of their race, and, having dethroned King George, set up in his place a power which no George ever dreamed of exercising? Bagehot thinks our presidental office due to a mistake. "Living across the Atlantic, and misled by accepted doctrines, the acute framers of the Federal Constitution, even after the keenest attention, did not perceive the Prime Minister to be the principal executive of the British Constitution, and the sovereign a cog in the mechanism." This is true, no doubt, but it hardly explains the fact that we find ourselves to-day, as Mr. Lockwood says, "under a form of government abandoned in England nearly two hundred years ago." In truth, there sailed

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the Atlantic with our fathers, and dwells with us, a superstition by which premiership and kingship are combined.

> "Not all the water in the rough, rude sea
> Can wash the balm off from an anointed king."

Our President is invested with the right to rule without Cabinet or Ministers; to dismiss heads of departments and all other leading officers appointed with consent of the Senate on the day after that body adjourns, and govern with others, or without any, until that body reassembles, Congress being meanwhile non-existent; to grant reprieves and pardons for offenses against the United States (with the comparatively unimportant exception of cases of impeachment); as Commander in Chief of the Army and Navy, and of the Militia of the several States when called into National service by himself, to make such disposition of the land and naval forces as he pleases; in case of any rebellion against his authority or action, to suspend the Writ of Habeas Corpus; to veto any law passed by Congress, rendering it necessary that such law shall be passed by two-thirds of each House in order to become law,—such law being then dependent for execution on officers commissioned by the President, from whose oath to "preserve, protect and defend" the Constitution the duty of carrying out the laws passed by Congress was notably excluded. These powers may be, and repeatedly have been, given for four years by a minority of the people; they may be, and have been, bestowed by the hand of an assassin; they may be legally perpetuated through any number of terms in the hands of the same man; they are revocable only by impeachment and a vote of two-thirds in a House not chosen by the people, presided over by a Chief Justice appointed by the Executive, perhaps by the very President on trial. Nothing has been more certainly proved than that the power of impeachment, on which alone the framers of the Constitution depended as a shield against presidential despotism, is delusive. The executive has seized the purse of the Nation; has declared war; has used his sword against loyal citizens of the country; has pardoned violators of laws passed by Congress, in one case on the ground that the law was "a nullity;" it has claimed the right to execute the laws according to its private interpretation, in disregard of judicial decisions; has abetted rebellion against a constitutionally elected President be-

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fore his inauguration; has fulfilled corrupt contracts made to secure its election; has forced on the Nation a President never elected; and in none of these cases has impeachment been even attempted. In one case where such outrages were repeated and intensified, where defiance of law was proclaimed as a policy, and the hardly-won life of the nation re-endangered by a traitor enthroned by assassination,—a drunken ruffian who staggered about the country vomiting vulgarest abuse on the people and Congress, claiming the bullet of the assassin which slew his predecessor as the providential sanction of his usurpations,—impeachment was attempted; but this impeachment, supported by a unanimity in the country never likely to be again attained, failed. The one shield must now be regarded as shattered.

The declaration of Edmund Randolph, adopted by Franklin, that "presidency is the fœtus of monarchy," was but a partial prediction of the fact which time has proved; it was a full-born and panoplied monarchy which sprang from the brain of that convention, and the fœtus in it was that of imperialism. Our fathers, tearing the King's title and symbols to tatters, re-enthroned the man, gave him fresh lease, added the means of recovering lost privileges; so that the Georges, and Jameses, and Charleses, and Cromwells have all been rehabilitated and their oppressions renewed in the brief history of the United States. If they have not claimed titles it is because their power has been more secure under the mask of constitutional presidency. If we have no historic *coup d'état* it is because the *coup d'état* is a part of our Constitution, and its exercise has become too familiar to be regarded with horror. Even the supposed supernatural authority of emperors—softened by limited monarchy into a vague doctrine of "divine right"—has been revived by and for our presidential autocrats. Various gods have been invoked in sanction of imperial actions by our presidents, from the Thunder-god, by whom Andrew Jackson piously swore, to the Bullet-god of Andrew Johnson. When Johnson's allusion in a speech to Lincoln's death was met with a cry of "unfortunate," the President answered: "Yes, unfortunate for some that God rules on high and deals in justice (cheers). Yes, unfortunate. The ways of Providence are mysterious and incomprehensible, controlling all who exclaim 'unfortunate!'" Mr. Lockwood, referring to the more arbitrary presidents says: "They generally invoked the supernatural in the place

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of the people." This "higher law," which, as he rightly remarks, means after all the personal will of him who uses it, was sanctioned by Garfield while in Congress. "We have a right," he said, "to do our solemn duty, under God, to go beyond the Constitution to save the authors of the Constitution." "I not only lifted up my hand to support the Constitution before God, but it makes me now sorry there had not been a sword in it when I lifted it up, to strike down any and all who would oppose the use of all the means God has placed in our power for overthrowing the rebellion forever." This was said in answer to a question, concerning the confiscation of Southern property, whether he (Garfield) "would, to aggravate the punishment of the traitor, or to punish the innocent children of the rebels, break the Constitution?" The doctrine enunciated by Garfield was an encouraging one for Guiteau, who equally claimed to act "under God" when he "lifted his hand" with a pistol in it to elect a new president for the United States.

Mr. Lockwood remarks that "This higher law, when it means individual judgment, is but another form of divine right." The phrase "divine right" is, however, now characteristic of ministerial monarchy rather than of personal empire. The "under God" autocracy is characteristic of democracies, and is sustained by appeals to popular passions, superstitions, and love of glory. Napoleon I. put on his own head, with his own hand, not the crown of the Louises, but the crown of Charlemagne,—iron crown of the Holy Roman emperor, with a nail of the True Cross in it, and the motto, "God gave it to me; woe to him who touches it!" The Holy Nail is under the hat of our four-year emperor also. The real Providence that chooses one man out of fifty millions to rule over his fellows is suspected by some of being the political Boss; but the regular nominee is soon discovered to be the Fountain of Living Waters. It is an element of success if it can be shown that he once lived in a log-cabin, or split rails, or traveled a tow-path. This is a bit of the Holy Nail. Was not the Son of God a carpenter, born in a stable?

The framers of our Constitution meant to preserve the power of the British Crown as it stood when they parted from it, a time-limit and a liability to impeachment. They established a Republican Court. The first President drove out with six horses, and kept the crowd at a distance. His measures were determined by a majority of his Ministers. Our earlier

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presidents were proud of their pedigrees, and never invoked any deity except Washington. But the constitutional royal crown, imported into a democracy, must undergo transformation into the more brilliant imperial crown with the Iron Nail inside it. The transformation came with Jackson. That Scotch-Irish-Carolinian-Tennesseean Cromwell, Calvinist preacher, lawyer, soldier, with his victories over the Indian and the Briton written in scars, and decorated with titles of dread and admiration—"Sharp Knife," "Pointed Arrow," "Old Hickory," struck the imagination of America as the Corsican did that of France. The mobocracy had their man. I heard from the widow of Alexander Hamilton a description of the long, lank backwoodsman in the White House, with his Nimrods around him, where motley was your only wear. "At one of his receptions," she said, "there was ice-cream, and I saw a number of people breathing over their spoons in order to melt it before putting it into their mouths." General Jackson could do no wrong. It was an anecdote of a pious Jacksonian deacon of our county, in Virginia, that a Whig laid a wager he would justify Jackson even for murder. Overtaking the deacon on his way to church, he entered into conversation, and professed to be just from Washington. "Well, and what's the news at Washington?" asked the deacon. "Nothing—oh, yes there is: General Jackson killed a man yesterday." "Killed a man!" cried the deacon. "Yes, he was walking on Pennsylvania avenue and told a man to get out of his way; the man didn't, and the President shot him." The deacon meditated a few moments, then broke out, "Hurrah for the General! Whyn't the man get out of his way!"

The fable is fairly characteristic of the period. Since Jackson's reign we have been living under the imperial régime. One peril of it is that the God-made ruler has a sort of supernatural rôle to fill. It is imperative on an emperor to shine; he has no historic or hereditary lustre to shine for him. This is especially necessary for the emperor whose further lease of power depends on brilliancy. And intellectual brilliancy will not do. The sway of statesmanship passed away with the ministerial or British phase of our government. The Clays, Websters, Calhouns were all scalped by Jackson. Since his reign no civilian has ever been elected president by a majority of the people, save Lincoln, while Commander-in-Chief in the thick of war. The pluralities of

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Van Buren and Polk came by the borrowed glory and favor of Jackson, who was also the political creator of James Buchanan. With exception of five minority civilian presidents the nation has, during fifty-seven years, elected only military men. One statesman was, indeed, elected, but could not take his seat against two Generals in possession. The glittering precedents of our Jacksonian half century,—spirited spoliations of neighboring countries, wars against Mexicans, Indians, and anti-slavery settlers, filibustering expeditions, theatrical threats towards foreign nations,—have set a tempter at the door of the White House; his suggestions cannot be without danger so long as Cuba and Mexico have still territory of which they may be robbed; and while so many social, moral, and religious fanaticisms are instituting crusades against personal freedom.

A corollary of executive imperialization is legislative enfeeblement. There is as much statesmanship in the country as ever, but, in presence of the marble busts of their great forerunners, the most conspicuous Congressmen at Washington seem to have no public aim higher than to worry the Mormons. The President of Harvard University says young men decline the political career, because official positions are poorly paid. Another shows them fully paid, but says it costs too much money to obtain them. The voter sells his vote. Do we expect paupers to be idealists and heroes? To how many poor men with families to feed must five dollars be worth more than the contribution of an inconsiderable part of the power which decides whether Smith or Brown shall be salaried to sit in a debating society at Washington? A vigorous English writer has described the legislative debates at Washington as prologues without a play. "There is nothing of a catastrophe about them; you cannot turn out the Government. The prize of power is not in the gift of the legislature, and no one cares for the legislature. The executive, the great centre of power and place, sticks irremovable; you cannot change it in any event." Seward was ridiculed for saying that the Civil War was a "war of succession;" but that is what it was. Slavery knew that to own the executive was to own the Government. In other words, the American people are governmentally three-headed, and the executive head, being the only one with power to carry out its will, has reduced the representative head to a cerebral pulp. Whilst in England the peers long to get into the House of Commons, in the

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United States the representative regards his House as a mere stepping-stone to the Peerage of States, the Senate, which has filched a little of the executive power. But this Head No. 3 will never get more than the crumbs of patronage that fall from the President's table. By what natural right can the Senate choose the officers of the executive? It represents antiquarian State boundaries; it preserves an anomalous inequality of which the Nation is only not jealous so long as it is not obstructive of the popular will; it can never be supported by the loyalty with which a nation looks to its personal chief. Consequently, the Senate becomes steadily less of an object in the eyes of American youth of culture and good position. In business, in professions, in science, they deal with realities; they do not have to talk buncombe about things not to be changed by what they say or do. The course of the Government is fixed every four years for the four years following; the real legislation is to determine that, and it is carried on in the caucus, in the newspaper, on the stump. A debate in Parliament stirs the world; a debate in Congress stirs the lungs of the speakers.

MONCURE D. CONWAY.

[*To be Concluded.*]

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FUTURE PROBATION.

If one could ever copy the extraordinary feat of so distinguished a scholar as President Bartlett of Dartmouth, and "Speak as one of the silent multitude," it would be when one sees the church he loves torn by conflict of doctrine;—this side eager, forced into new positions by the irresistible expansiveness of truth; the other side anxious, defensive, guarding the old positions with all the solicitude of love and all the weight of experience, fearing that what is called new truth is but old error in new disguise.

It is easy to minimize the conflict, by declaring it impractical, abstract, insignificant. It is easy to ridicule it by calling it a "burning" question, by suggesting that the old theologians are afraid that too many sinners will escape them and reach Heaven despite their theology. But all this serves nothing. No one really doubts that one faction is just as humane as the other. What is feared is not that the heathen will escape doom; but that the teaching of a false security will lull both Christian and Pagan heathen into losing their only chance of escaping doom. No wit, no levity can hinder this from being a weighty question. With Dr. Smyth in Massachusetts and Dr. Woodrow in Georgia fighting for their lives, their fortune, and their sacred honor in this battle-field, it cannot be called a narrow, an impractical, or an obsolete question. There is no issue of politics or of social life which is not affected by the solution of this problem. The wrath and warfare of Ireland can be better read in its light. The upward struggle of Bulgaria and the downward pressure of Russia are a part of its eternal procession. The fierce grapple of Labor with Capital constitutes one mark of its progress. The heart-throbs of American independents in their life-and-death race after a versatile and agile Administration become amenable to classification when viewed as incidents of a world-embracing system. Minister Phelps's stern disapprobation of this

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REVIEW can be more easily borne under its mitigating possibilities. To dismiss such a theory with the assurance that its young believers hold their views only as theory, and not as doctrine, is altogether unsatisfactory. They may not preach the theory, but it must color all their preaching. The assurance is appropriate as an indication of the general condition of things, but not as an argument for toleration.

A full, fair, and frank presentation of truth is not only safe, on general principles, but in this especial case it must remove much of the apprehension, deeply and widely felt, that acceptance of what is called the new departure would effectually destroy the foreign missionary work of the churches, and be, indeed, antagonistic to all preaching. On the contrary, a removal of ancient inconsistencies, contradictions, and impossibilities, and the substitution of new harmonies, must give strong impetus, fresh courage, and a reasonable hope in allying ourselves with the Power that makes for righteousness, whether to secure Republicanism for America, freedom for Ireland, Christianity for the heathen, or the elevation of the whole human race.

This is not to discard, or even to discount, the old theology. It is not to assert that the new theology is ultimate. It is only to recognize that the Eternal Energy, the Holy Spirit, always working on the earth, has brought us to one of the many milestones that measure the advance of history. It is an advance to which the honored of the old school have contributed as important a part as the younger generation of the new school. It is the learning, the devotion, the persistence of the old which have made the new possible. It is their unceasing prayer, Thy Kingdom come! which has wrought this palpable new development of that kingdom. Nor is it the first time that the Kingdom of God has come without giving the expected countersign, and has, therefore, been temporarily mistaken for the kingdom of evil. Notwithstanding, said Christ, be ye sure of this, that the Kingdom of God is come nigh unto you.

Successive changes in any theology founded on the Bible are not only liable but imperative. If the Bible is a merely human book like any other volume of history, or poetry, or philosophy, then we should expect any system founded on it to be fixed. When we have thoroughly read a volume of Homer or Ranke, or Descartes, we feel that we have mastered its contents accord-

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ing to our several abilities. However wide its scope, still its scope is limited. We make no new discoveries in Macaulay. We found no new systems on Aristotle. These men do their work, shape the thought of their generation, and pass to the shelves of immortality—to be known by name to the intelligent, to be studied here and there by scholars, to be absolutely dead to the populace.

Thus also our best and latest books of religion—by Professor Allen, Matthew Arnold, Dean Stanley, Herbert Spencer, and others—full as they are of high thought and honorable words, enlightenment and sanctification—differ from the Bible in that they are not infinite. It is all there; nothing is behind. And it is a little all—the arc of a small circle. But the Bible is forever unfolding. It is a guide to the humble heart which knows nothing about it intellectually, but craves God. The wisest genius, climbing the mountain-tops of mind finds equally that the Bible is before him, spanning still his highest heaven with its bow of promise, arched by his strictest law of mathematics, tinted according to his most rigid chromatic science, satisfying in form and color his most delicate artistic sense.

Other the best books are to the Bible what a picture of the midnight sky by some master's hand is to the dome of heaven itself. The one is stirring, stimulating, suggestive, ideal; but it is a flat surface—always the same. Too near, it is a daub of oil on canvas. But the over-bending heaven is ever-revealing. It lights the peasant on his path, guides the mariner across the sea, who know not one star from another, except as private light and guide, nor guess whence any star is circling or on what law it is hung. But the astronomer, too, who turns his cunning glass upon it, sees what they see, and more—marvels upon marvels, universe beyond universe, yet never gets so far as to reach a bound; with keenest eye and strongest lens never plucks its secret from the sky; with life-long study and devotion never takes a single step in learning that does not widen the horizon of his ignorance.

From such a book, the repository of the inspiration of ages, so heavily charged with the divine Spirit that we call it *The* Book of Inspiration, it is but natural to expect that truth upon truth will unfold. Its revelation should keep step with the march of the human mind. To found upon it an unchanging theology would be to relegate it to the list of books, great indeed, but plentiful enough to make a list, accepted at one age of the

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world, practically unused thereafter. A theology unchangeably true to its unchanging principles of righteousness, love to God and love to man, but forever developing new features in conformity with new discoveries of its meaning after new study of its history and new unfolding of the secrets of the world—this is precisely what we should expect from that intensity of Revelation which makes this the Book of books.

Since, therefore, change need not be feared, let us ask now: Is a future probation, or a present probation, or a second probation, or a probation in Adam, or any kind of probation, a feature of the Divine government of the world, or is it merely a human device? If it is the latter, it may be altogether swept away from religion, if not from theology.

Probation is defined to be any proceeding designed to *ascertain* truth, to *determine* character. But an Omniscient Being needs no *proceeding* to enable Him to *ascertain* the truth about His creatures, to *determine* their character. He knows it every moment. A probation to enable him to ascertain and determine must, therefore, be only human endeavor to put the ways of the Creator into some sort of relation to human ways. *We* cannot ascertain truth except by long investigation. *We* cannot determine character except by a close and intricate balance-sheet. Therefore, we cumber the Creator with our clumsy invention and wage deadly war for that cumber.

Can anything be more absurd? A dear friend of mine, a preacher of the gospel after the straitest sect of orthodoxy, is wont to say that although we are made in the image of God, we are a great deal more unlike Him than we are like Him. Strong in the consciousness of bearing His image, we reject this statement promptly; but a second and reasonable thought compels us to accept it, for the quantitative difference between God and man is so great as to constitute a qualitative difference. An atom of salt spray on the rose's petal is in the image and likeness of the ocean. Its components and proportions are the same. It is governed by the same laws, is derived from the same source, is tending to the same goal; and the quantitative difference between itself and the ocean, though immense, and to us incalculable, is not infinite. Yet who, from the evanescent and almost impalpable atom of spray, could form the slightest conception of the mighty deep, its boundless peace and eternal unrest, its marvel of color and sound

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and storm, its upbearing power, its purifying potency, its destructive energy, its ministration to human weal? Surely the spray-atom, though of the ocean, is more unlike than like the ocean. It is like only by its own tiny measurement. It is unlike by the countless billows of wide-stretching solitudes.

I am never borne through the human wilderness from the Grand Central Station in New York to the Heights of Brooklyn without a heart-sickening fear that after all there cannot be a God. The thousands of lights in the early evening lend a twilight to the city, and every light means many homes and every home many souls. Miles on miles of stirring, eager hopes and fears and purposes—can there be a God supervising all? Is it possible there can be a Being who has an interest in every one of these minds and hearts? Overhead the lights of heaven repeat and extend the problem. As many stars, so many suns; as many suns, so many systems of worlds; and beyond all visible suns and systems, universe on universe circling the unthinkable spaces, till our great stirring, twinkling, twilight world is but a pin-point in the immeasurable sky—how can there be a Being equal to launching, guiding, upholding this visible universe, which is as far beyond thought as it is beyond expression?

There is only one thing to hold the mind steady; the universe is a fact. The miracle is wrought. The Christian and the Atheist are at one on the main point—that the immensity exists, and that it is an immensity of order, of law, of harmony. Therefore, it is of one. The anemone whorls its tender petals of earliest spring in obedience to the law which guides Arcturus with his Sons. For all our littleness we are just as sure of this as if ourselves had made Arcturus. The Christian and the Atheist alike find themselves in a universe of law which they did not establish, and which they cannot overthrow. It would, indeed, be impossible to believe that one Being could create and control from large to small, were it not that we see the creation and feel the control—both in infinite measure, great and small in both directions alike beyond our ken. What matter whether we call this creative force Absolute Being, or the Stream of Tendency, or the World-Soul, or Unconscious Intelligence, or the Unknowable, or Eternal Energy, or the Power outside ourselves that makes for righteousness—Jehovah, Jove, or Lord? All nomenclature is but the outreach of language towards the Unreachable. All theology is but

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search for the Unsearchable. What possible analogy can give to a being chained every moment to one single spot of earth any adequate idea of a Being who is at all times everywhere present? Thought offers the only glimmer to the imagination, and that is, indeed, only a glimmer. What analogy between thought which can fix firmly on only one object at a time, and but feebly on two or three at most, and that Infinite Thought to which all is an Eternal Now and Here? Science is more frank than theology, and confesses an ignorance, an inability, which theology cannot disown or disarm by calling it infidelity.

Nothing is gained for religion by attempting to include the greatness of God in the littleness of man. Here theology stumbles, but never demonstrates.

> "What mortals think they know of God
> A thousand tomes rehearse;
> What mortals do not know of God
> Fills all the universe."

"I believe," says the Reverend Mr. Foster, "that God is a personality, not a mere blind force;" but Spencer, and Huxley, and Darwin proclaim no blind force, but a force unfailingly discerning—a force that never falters, makes no mistakes, suffers no repulse, advances forever and forever with unerring precision, in unending and orderly evolution. "Nor an unknown power," continues Mr. Foster, "but a person like ourselves; a person with intellect, and heart, and will; a person whose glorious being *we may faintly comprehend* by looking into our own hearts." And in the very next article of his creed he declares: "God exists in three distinctions *impossible to be comprehended*. . . . This mysterious existence is *beyond my comprehension*, and I rejoice that it is."

Yes, but why then say that it is not? Why in one sentence declare that God is a person like ourselves, and in the next that He is unlike ourselves? Why with one breath affirm that God can be comprehended, and with a second that He is impossible of comprehension? It is better to be rejected by a thousand councils, and to dwell with the unorthodox forever, than to darken conviction by words. The thrusts of faction may be parried by skillful and adroit phraseology, but the understanding of the simple is confused.

Theology needs a new baptism from science into the greatness

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of God. When theology pronounces God to be a person like ourselves, it needs to be iterated and reiterated that God is not a person like ourselves. Theology and science agree that man is made in the image and likeness of God; not that God is made in the image and likeness of man. Man is made in the likeness of God only approximately, as the molecule of salt spray is in the likeness of the ocean. True science admits the fact reverently, and sacrifices language rather than sacrifice the Infinite. Pseudo-science half learns a half truth and proclaims its feat scornfully, God; but with pseudo-science we have nothing to do. Theology is too apt to belittle the Infinite by thinking Him such an one as ourselves. And it is a theology which thinks God such an one as ourselves that has invented the whole scheme of probation, past, present, and future, and makes fight upon it as a revelation of God let down from the skies.

All theories of probation assume that God is a stronger man, and only that. He created man upon the Earth and gave him a special order, whose violation was death. Man disobeyed, but the penalty was not enforced. Man was reprieved. His punishment was mitigated;—mitigated, however, to the disaster of millions of his descendants, who would never have been born at all if his punishment had been enforced according to the Divine warning, but who were born to eternal anguish after a few brief years of guilty, flitting, and intermittent pleasure. The best that can be said of all Adam's descendants, born under God's violation of His own word, is that they are put under test, under probation. If they stand the test they will be saved. If they fail under the test they will be lost. It is perfectly plain sailing.

But Adam, created innocent under the smile of God, failed. What ground to hope that his children, born in sin, and under God's frown, can succeed?

This is undoubtedly the way it would be if man had the ordering of things as they stand—even a very strong man whom we should call God. How otherwise could he tell whether the world were improving or deteriorating; whether man were fit or unfit for the Kingdom of Heaven? The highest justice which the human heart conceives is to wait till the account is all in and then balance the debt and credit. This highest justice he attributes to the Highest Being and launches poor humanity upon its fore-doomed trial trip.

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Is not the time ripe to repudiate the whole theory? It may not have been entirely irrational in its inception. It may have been the best possible effort of the human mind. But we ought to pay our debt to the past by bringing in a better hope for the future. Give to the dead past this dead scheme, this lifeless, limited, mechanical "plan of salvation," which is rather a plan of damnation, and let us, in the new light which has broken forth from God's holy word and from His unfolding world, see no longer through a glass darkly, that when the Angel of the Lord proclaimed good tidings of great joy to all people, he meant what he said. It is not good tidings of great joy to all people if only one little, warm, narrow Gulf Stream of life is coursing through the wide, cold, bitter ocean of death. It is not good tidings of great joy to all people if Rev. J. D. Davis speaks truth in declaring that "there are eight hundred million souls within our reach who have never heard the gospel, the great mass of whom, on any possible theory, will forever perish, unless we give them, at once, the bread of life." It would be most wicked in God to let the happiness of eight hundred millions of people depend forever on so frail a reed as the fitful, uncertain, and certainly feeble action of a few thousand people on the other side of their world who never saw them, who know next to nothing about them, and who have much ado to keep their own heads above water. It is not good tidings of great joy if all hangs on the doubtful rhetoric that the Church be "waked up and shaken out over the outer rim, as it were, of that fearful abyss of woe which yawns just before these heathen millions, as well as before so many millions here at home." If this is what Christ came for, the angel should have announced bad tidings of great woe which should be to most people. Heaven be praised that our Angels of Annunciation were of Heaven and not of Earth!

All notion of future probation, or second probation, or first probation, of another chance, or a chance after death, or any chance at all, is utterly unworthy of such a conception of God as the holy men of old and the holy men of to-day have enabled us to form. It is miserably unworthy of such a conception of life, of religion, of Christianity as Christ, and even as the Apostles, preached. It is pitiably weak for such a conception of the nature, the degradation, the disintegration of sin as intelligent observation of the world in the revealing light of Christianity ought to give us. If

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the possibility of repentance or salvation after death would cut the nerve of Christian missions, then that nerve ought to be cut and the Christian missionaries ought themselves to be converted, for they are carrying to the heathen a false gospel and have themselves no adequate conception and no healthy horror of sin. When Dr. Hamlin makes his Oriental Apostate say, in view of "a second chance," that "it is foolish to be all our lives subject to the fear of death when we can all have a good time both here and there," he shows himself to be in the gall of bitterness and the bond of iniquity. He shows that he is at variance not only with the gospel of Christ, but with the best conscience of the world. He shows that he thinks that to sin is to have a good time, instead of a bad time; that Christ came to save from penalty, and not from sin; that the Kingdom of Heaven is something in the future, and not in the present; that death is the beginning of the end, instead of the end of the beginning; that Christ was an afterthought, and not a forethought; that God in Christ would reconcile Himself to the world, and not the world unto Himself. No man—minister or missionary—has really "experienced religion" unless he sees that sin is so hideous, so revolting, so destructive as to constitute of itself—Hell. For comfort and for warning is given us the hope and the fear of life after death; but even in this life alone we see, we feel the eternal punishment of selfishness and malice. All the wretchedness of this wretched world comes from violation of law, and chiefly from violation of known law. All the happiness of the world comes from being in harmony with the Eternal Righteousness. We might just as well refuse to feed the hungry and heal the sick, because there is "a chance after death," as cease to stamp out or transmute out murder and meanness, because there is a chance after death. The very proof and substance of Christ's divine mission was—not to induce people to refrain from having a good time now, in order that they might have a longer good time hereafter, but to make them begin now, instantly, to have a good time, by ceasing to do evil and learning to do well.

It is probable that in the world as it is we see the world as it has been, even in the geologic ages. We are sure, at least, of the world as it is. The present moment is a cross-section of eternity. We find man now very little higher than the beasts. It is not necessary to discuss evolution, to decide whether man is a devel-

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oped animal or an undeveloped angel. We know that there are now on the earth tribes of men who are savages, uncouth, horrible, in mode of life more unlike the highest man than they are unlike the highest beasts. Yet we know, too, that in them is something which differentiates them even from the highest beasts—a cultivable spiritual quality which in the beast is utterly wanting. Through every grade we mount upward to the highest peaks of humanity—men and women of pure heart, clear head, unselfish life. Why is it not the simplest, the most reasonable, the natural belief that this great human host was put on the earth for education, not for probation; that the world was made for man; that all the ages of preparation, through which the earth was shaping itself from a void and formless, a seething and roaring mass into a stable and habitable home, it was shaping itself under Fatherly guidance for the dwelling-place of that most finely organized animal which was to receive the breath of Divine Life and become of all created beings upon this earth the only Spiritual Being—sons of God? It would be quite in the nature of all other things that man should begin low down, just above the beasts, and end high up, just below the angels. Wholly why, we do not know. We cannot comprehend the Eternal Creator. But we easily do know that creation must be the one or the other—instantaneous or not instantaneous. If it were instantaneous, everything must begin in the middle. The record of the rocks, the record of Genesis, and the record of our own eyes unite to testify that everything begins at a beginning. We are in a system of gradual and orderly unfolding. The tree ripens from seed. The man grows up from the child. History is born of history. We cannot trace the original beginnings, but resultant beginnings are the regular order. The Bible equally narrates a gradual succession, a systematic advance. This is as near a fixed fact as we shall ever find to stand on.

That Creative Power which in the material world science calls force, and which in the unseen world theology calls Spiritual force—God—has brooded as steadfastly, as minutely, over the feeble, fluctuating human spirit as the Earth-force brooded over the first stir of material protoplasm. Slowly and with infinite suffering this beastly man has been wrought into scholar and saint. In his beastliest condition he is nearly exterminated. Only a few lingering specimens here and there testify to his low estate.

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His most sordid traits have been educated out of him by the Divine Teacher. The trees, the rocks, storm, and sky, and stars have been his lessons. Prophet, priest, and king interpreted him to himself with ever increasing rapidity. In the fullness of time, Christ came, the perfect Teacher, the perfect Exemplar, God manifest in the flesh, holding within himself all purity, all love, all sacrifice, revealing to man once for all his true spiritual kinship. God is too great for man to grasp. Out of the illimitable past, from the inconceivable future, we cannot summon Him, but of his own will and invention, in Christ,—lo! I am with you always even unto the end of the world.

What room is there for probation here? The wretchedest cannibal that ever breathed was as truly a child of God as the greatest philosopher. He had received the boon of spiritual life. He was a part of the plan of creation. He must be involved in the plan of redemption. How? I do not know; but a righteous God could never leave him out. What we do see and know, as a matter of evidence, is that the trend of humanity is upward, and it is impossible to believe that eternal force will ever bend and fix it downward. The low, beastly nature of every man is always drawing him down. The aspiring divine soul of him is always forcing him up. It is a long fight, a hard fight; sometimes it seems to be a losing fight; but, on the whole, judging over long reaches, it is always a winning fight. The historic world has never relapsed so far into barbarism as it has come out from barbarism. Nations rise and fall; but the great lines of civilization and of spiritual religion make a steady advance. Never over so wide an area did heavenly love diffuse itself through human hearts and spring up in justice and mercy as we see to-day. If man was created a perfected spiritual being, and launched on the world for a probation, his condition is hopeless. If he lost the battle when he had every advantage, it is useless to expect him to win under every disadvantage. But if he was created the highest animal, and with a rudimentary spirit, then we can fight it out with the greatest good cheer, for God is working in us. All the vice and the crime, the wickedness and the weakness that disfigure our own lives and disgust us in public rehearsal, are the mark of the beast, but fading slowly into the tracery of a new name. All the warfare of the world is a warfare between the flesh and the spirit; between the soul of the beast that goeth downward and the soul of the man

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that goeth upward; between the departing animal and the advancing angel. The serpent bruises the heel of humanity, and its sting is sharp. But it is not fatal. Humanity is bruising the serpent's head, and when the head is crushed the serpent is dead. The sting of death is sin, and with sin exterminated, behold already new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

GAIL HAMILTON.

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SPECIALISTS IN MEDICINE.

THE question is frequently raised by persons with whom I come in daily contact whether it is "best in any illness to seek the immediate aid of a specialist or that of a general practitioner. In other words, which shall we consult—the family physician or the specialist?"—the well-educated and experienced general practitioner, or the modern specialist, whose claim to patronage is based on his exclusive devotion to one branch or subject in medicine? In my judgment, there is no question in the whole range of the social economies of the day that is of greater importance, and inures more directly to the welfare and happiness of the community, than this. Under most circumstances, my advice is to seek first the aid of the general practitioner—one that you know, and who knows you. Exert your own intelligence, and you will be enabled to determine whether he does or does not understand your case. If he does, be guided by his advice. If he does not,—assuming that he is an honorable practitioner,—*he is the one to guide you* in the selection of a specialist for special assistance.

The fashion of the day tends, to a great extent, to the selection of a specialist for every ailment. It has been alleged that the subdivision of labor in the field of medicine affords the best opportunities for the advancement of the science and the practice of the art. It is, to a great extent, a false assumption—as false as the assumption that the possession of the doctorate of medicine implies fitness to practice. The possession of a degree in medicine affords no more and no other evidence than the fact that the bearer of the title has probably attended two or three limited courses of lectures in one of the many schools that abound in every part of the country. If any one questions these premises, let me refer him to any of the surgeons of the army and navy who have served as members of examining boards for the admission of candidates for surgeons' commissions in the public service, or let me

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suggest to him to examine the certificates of death—for any one day—filed in the office of the Registrar of Vital Statistics, especially those of New York. A remarkable address on this subject—bearing ample testimony to what I have said—was delivered, about two years ago, before the American Medical Association, by a surgeon of the United States navy.

The question of specialism in medicine has recently been vigorously brought before the public by Dr. Morell Mackenzie, of London, who professes to devote his entire attention to diseases of the throat. He has acquired some notoriety in his specialty. His notoriety, at least, will not be lessened by the articles he publishes on this subject.* His intemperate denunciation of his professional brethren of the College of Physicians does not add to the strength of his argument (?) or to his own pretensions to speak authoritatively on questions of scientific medicine. Dr. Mackenzie does himself injustice in his wild denunciation of the so-called "pure physician," and still more injustice to the cause of the specialist by the arrogance of his assumption that "public opinion has, in fact, declared itself with such emphasis on the side of the specialists that the profession has been coerced into sullen acquiescence in the inevitable." He says:

"It may not unnaturally be asked why specialism was so vehemently opposed by the medical profession. In the first place it was, as already said, what Americans call a 'new departure,' and, as nearly every page of the history of human progress shows, the pioneers of any onward movement have been exceptionally fortunate if they escaped persecution. Again there is an innate tendency in human nature to look with suspicion on knowledge or skill which is the possession of a select few. The distrust of doctors as a class which is sometimes met with (by no means always among the ignorant) is in itself an illustration of this. Coming, however, to more definite examples of this form of jealousy, we find that it especially pervades limited societies of men, as may be seen in the case of guilds and trades-unions."

I cannot, of course, tell to what extent Dr. Mackenzie is justified in reaching these conclusions; they are the outgrowth of his English experience amongst his own people. This I do know: that in America the well-educated, experienced, skillful

* "Specialism in Medicine," June, 1885; "Medical Specialism: a rejoinder," August, 1885, by Morell Mackenzie. "Fortnightly Review."

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specialist is held in high esteem by the well-educated general practitioner, whether he be physician or surgeon. The public cannot go far astray by consulting their own "family practitioner" in the selection of a specialist for special cases. He will invariably acquiesce in their wishes, and he should know better than his secular neighbor the one most likely to render most valuable additional assistance. Beware of the over zealous secular advisers that abound in every community. How suggestive this caustic passage from poor De Quincey: "For it is one of the infirmities of the public mind with us, that whatever is said or done by a public man, any opinion given by a member of Parliament, however much out of his own proper jurisdiction and range of inquiry, commands an attention not conceded even to those who speak under the known privilege of professional knowledge." Any denial of this statement virtually ignores the claims of an honorable and honored profession to the possession of honor and integrity in their intercourse with their fellow-men. That jealousies exist—frequently to a disgraceful extent—in the medical profession no one can dispute. There is, however, less of acrimony in these jealousies the higher we ascend in the scale of professional attainments and the possession of intrinsic rewards. Jealousies are mainly the outgrowth of disappointment and despair on the part of those who have failed to win honors and emoluments.

Dr. Mackenzie refers to his astonishment, when visiting the United States about three years ago, at the universal diffusion of specialism he found existing amongst us. He concluded that specialism was received with open arms. His deductions were reached on false bases. Most of the so-called specialists are not specialists. They pretend to be such, as opportunities offer chances for special cases. Necessity, want of practice, leads to this course—not an enlightened cultivation of or knowledge or fitness to practice any special branch of medicine. Many of the friends with whom he came most in contact—supposed to be pure throat doctors—do not disdain fees for opinions in the varied range of medicine. There is not a very large number of pure specialists —men who devote their entire time and practice to one branch of medicine. Those that do follow the course of pure specialists are the experienced men of scientific attainments who from a large *clientèle* have discarded all but those of special interest and of a

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special character. The general practitioners have invariably been in favor of and supported this class of specialists. Their so-called jealousy of "specialism" has been against the claims of mere tyros in medicine assuming special knowledge and skill—men without ability or experience—versed only in the methods of advertising without incurring penalties exacted from those infringing the laws governing members of the learned professions.

Now, what constitutes a good general practitioner, and why should he first be consulted? Natural fitness, a liberal preliminary education, a systematic course of didactic teaching, covering a period of not less than three years, two years' clinical instruction and experience as an assistant in a hospital, should be—must be—the essentials *to start* on the successful career of a general practitioner. Ten years then—not less—of the average range of general practice may be regarded as the preliminary fitting for a creditable career in a specialty.

I have known of and met in my own experience many specialists of distinction. Their success was based on their general intelligence and experience in general medicine.

In obscure and doubtful cases take advantage, by all means, of the assistance afforded by the specialist who has shown his skill at the bedside in a wide range of practice. Bear in mind, however, that the lever and source of reputation, at the present time, of a large proportion of the so-called specialists is either a subordinate chair in some medical institution, acquired by purchase, politics, or nepotism, or the make-up of an octavo of old and "new" doctrines—seldom demonstrated as of any value—culled from the journals of the hour.

A more rational course of living on the part of our so-called better classes of women would prove the best prophylactic against many of the diseases of women that are claimed by the specialists for special treatment. I refer to proper mental and physical exercise, rest, diet, clothing, and hygienic surroundings.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, distinguished alike in science, literature, and humanity, ridicules the subdivision of medicine into specialties. Surely no one will question his integrity or capacity of judgment. Forty years ago, when a general practitioner of medicine, he demonstrated with all his zeal and eloquence that "the disease known as puerperal fever is so far contagious as to be frequently carried from patient to patient by physicians and

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nurses." The mortality has increased from this special source to a frightful extent. Very recently a distinguished specialist has directed attention to the subject in New York, and formulated rules to correct the evil so well described and denounced by the great general practitioner.

Consult an oculist of good ability and repute in a case of iritis —an inflammation of the iris. He will tell you that iritis may arise spontaneously—without any perceptible cause—may be the result of direct injury, or of specific or rheumatic origin. Any fairly educated surgeon can treat it as well as he. If the case should become so severe that an operation is indicated, the assistance of the pure oculist might be of advantage, he being in more constant practice for such operations.

Take, for instance, a case of eczema, the most prevalent of all skin diseases; it may result from a vitiated condition of the system, an injury, a local irritation, or associated with a gouty or rheumatic diathesis. Who shall treat it—the pure skin doctor, with his exclusive knowledge of the skin and his local applications of washes and tar ointments, or the experienced general practitioner learned in all the phases and conditions of the system in health and disease? Tilbury Fox, the great English authority on diseases of the skin, says: "To be a successful dermatologist, it is necessary to be a well-informed physician. The dermatologist has hitherto practically ignored this fact in the pathology to which he has pinned his faith and the therapeutics he has adopted. I have no hesitation in saying that the best preparation for the study of diseases of the skin is a good grounding in general medicine, at the bedside and in the dead-house."

The sore throat of diphtheria and malignant scarlet fever—the most severe forms of all acute diseases of the throat—are but local manifestations of poisons affecting the general system. Surely these are cases for the practitioner of general medicine and not the pure throat doctor. I could easily multiply instances such as I have described. Again, let me advise my readers to consult first the well-educated general practitioner.

Dr. H. B. Donkin, an accomplished English physician, responds to Dr. Mackenzie's first article in the "Fortnightly Review," * and exposes the dangers of the course advocated by Dr. Mackenzie to both the public and the profession. The leading medical

* "Dangers of Medical Specialism."

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journals have now entered the arena of discussion, and the question is under way for thorough ventilation.

I have thus far presented only the opinions of members of my own profession. Let me submit the following letter which I received from the Rev. Dr. M. B. Anderson, President of the Rochester University, in acknowledging the receipt of a copy of an address which I delivered before the alumni of the University of Vermont, on "Specialists and Specialties in Medicine," in 1876 :

"DEAR SIR : Let me thank you for the address on 'Specialists and Specialties' which you have been so kind as to send to a stranger, not a member of your profession. With your discussion upon the evils of deficient preliminary education for the medical profession, and of excessive addiction to specialties, I have been exceedingly gratified. I know of but one medical school which requires any preliminary examination for entrance upon its course of study. This failure of professors in medical schools is an advertisement to the world that neither liberal culture, nor indeed any course of study worthy to be called education in any proper sense, is requisite for the medical profession. This is saying to the world that medicine is no longer a learned profession, but a trade, an art, which is to be learned like that of a carpenter or a mason. I agree with what is implied in your address, that the trouble regarding the prevalence of quackery arises from the fact that there are so many real quacks who are really indorsed as regular members of the medical profession.

"The only proper definition of a quack is a man who practices medicine by rules and authorities whose fundamental basis and reason he does not understand. I have never read an address from any eminent physician which contained so much good sense on the subject of medical training.

"Regarding specialties I remark that my duties as a commissioner of charities have brought me into relation with specialists in the care of the insane, and the result has been such as to confirm your general views. Not only medicine, but all branches of physical science, are suffering from specialism. A man finds a few undescribed fossil bones or shells, and he goes into the newspapers as a man of science whose authority is final upon any scientific subject upon which he may choose to give an opinion. He may have no idea of scientific method; he may be a man without general education in any single department of human thought; but he assumes the position (and the newspapers yield it to him) of a scientific authority. Such men have the same relation to the great legislators of science that a hod-carrier sustains to an architect. No man can thoroughly understand a part of the human organism without a comprehensive and general knowledge of the whole. Indeed, the whole range of the natural sciences seems to be more closely related as we make more minute investigation of details. No man can be an intelligent observer of details who has not an intelligent idea of the system of which they form a part. Agassiz said to me a few years before his death, 'I am more and more suspicious of the observations and deductions of a man who is familiar with but one narrow specialty in science.' Pascal had said before him, 'The parts of the world have all such relation and are so connected with each other that I believe it impossible to know the one without knowing the other, nor without a knowledge of the whole.' It was once said to Napoleon 'that such discoveries as Newton's were no longer possible.' 'There remains,' replied he, 'the

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world of details.' This is true, but details are only significant as they are co-ordinated in a system.

"Our modern tendency is to consider knowledge of details, which are unrelated in thought, standing apart from any coherent system, as science. This is the weakness of our age. The weakness of former ages was contempt for investigation of details, and a disposition to evolve science from an empty mind. Thus we oscillate from one extreme to another. It is the part of a wise man to remedy so far as he can the specific evils of his own age. This, I take it, was the inspiration of your address. I hope you will go farther in the same direction.

"Yours truly,

(Signed) "M. B. ANDERSON."

This letter speaks so eloquently of the necessities of a thorough education and training for the practice of any learned profession or calling, and so tersely of the dangers of too marked a subdivision of scientific work, that I begged permission of the distinguished educator to publish it. No additional testimony is, I believe, called for to sustain the views I have expressed and advocated.

MORRIS H. HENRY.

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VULGARITY.

If the present age were less of a hypocrite than it is, probably its conscience would compel it to acknowledge that vulgarity is excessively common in it; more common than in any preceding time, despite its very bountiful assumptions of good taste and generalized education.

Vulgarity is almost a modern vice; it is doubtful whether classic ages knew it at all, except in that sense in which it must be said that even Socrates was vulgar, *i. e.* inquisitiveness, and in that other sense of love of display to which the tailless dog of Alkibiades was a mournful victim. I am aware that Alkibiades said he cut off his dog's tail and ears to give the Athenians something to talk of, that they might not gossip about what else he was doing. But though gossip was no doubt rife in Athens, still vulgarity in its worst sense, that is, in the struggle to seem what the struggler is not, could have had no existence in times when every man's place was marked out for him, and the lines of demarcation could not be overstepped. Vulgarity began when the freedman began to give himself airs, and strut, and talk, as though he had been a porphyrogenitus; and this pretension was only possible in a decadence.

There may be a vast vulgarity of soul with an admirable polish of manners, and there may be a vast vulgarity of manner with a generous delicacy of soul. But, in this life, we are usually compelled to go by appearances, and we can seldom see beyond them, except in the cases of those few dear to, and intimate with us. We must be pardoned if we judge by the externals that are palpable to us and do not divine the virtues hidden beneath them. An essayist has recently defined good manners as courtesy and truthfulness. Now this is simply nonsense. A person may be full of kindly courtesies, and never utter the shadow of an untruth, and

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yet he may have red-hot hands, a strident voice, an insupportable manner, dropped aspirates, and a horribly gross joviality, which make him the vulgarest of the vulgar. It is often said that a perfect Christian is a perfect gentleman, but this also is a very doubtful postulate. The good Christian may "love his neighbor as himself," and yet he may offend his ear with a cockney accent and sit down to his table with unwashed hands. "Manners make the man" is an old copy-book adage, and is not quite true either: but it is certain that, without good manners, the virtues of a saint may be more offensive, by far, to society than the vices of a sinner. It is a mistake to confuse moral qualities with the qualities which come from culture and from breeding.

I have said that Socrates must have been in a certain degree vulgar, because he was so abominably inquisitive. For surely all interrogation is vulgar. When strangers visit me I can at once tell whether they are ill-bred or high-bred persons by the mere fact of whether they do or do not ask me questions. Even in intimacy, much interrogation is a vulgarity; it may be taken for granted that your friend will tell you what he wishes you to know. Here and there when a question seems necessary, if silence would imply coldness and indifference, then must it be put with the utmost delicacy and without any kind of semblance of its being considered a demand which must be answered. All interrogation for purposes of curiosity is vulgar, curiosity itself being so vulgar; and even the plea of friendship or of love cannot be pleaded in extenuation of it. But if love and friendship be pardoned their inquisitiveness, the anxiety of the general public to have their curiosity satisfied as to the habits, ways and scandals of those who are conspicuous in any way, is mere vulgar intrusiveness, which the "society newspapers," as they are called, do, in all countries, feed to a most pernicious degree. Private life has no longer any door that it can shut and bolt against the intrusion of the crowd. Whether a royal prince has quarreled with his wife, or a country mayoress has quarreled with a house-maid, the press, large or small, metropolitan or provincial, serves up the story to the rapacious curiosity of the world-wide, or the merely local, public. This intrusion on personal and wholly private matters is an evil which increases every day; it is a twofold evil, for it is alike a curse to those whose privacy it poisons and a curse to those whose debased appetites it feeds. It would be wholly impossible, in an

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age which was not vulgar, for those journals which live on personalities to find a public. They are created by the greed of the multitude which calls for them. It is useless to blame the proprietors and editors who live on them; the true culprits are the readers—the legions of readers—who relish and patronize them, and without whose support such carrion flies could not live out a summer.

"It is so easy to talk about people" is the excuse constantly made by those who are reproved for gossiping about others who are not even, perhaps, their personal acquaintances. Yes, it is very easy; the most mindless creature can do it; the asp, be he ever so small, can sting the hero, and perchance can slay him; but gossip of a malicious kind is intensely vulgar, and to none but the vulgar should it be welcome, even if their vulgarity be such as is hidden under a cloak of good manners. It is true that there is a sort of spurious wit which springs out of calumny, and which is *malgré nous* too often diverting to the best of us, and this sort of personality has a kind of contagious attraction which is apt to grow even on those who loathe it, much as absinthe does. But it is none the less vulgar, and vulgarizes the mind which admits its charm, as absinthe slowly eats up the vitality and the digestive powers of those who yield to its attraction. Were there no vulgarity, it may be said that there would be no scandal; for scandal is born of that marked desire to think ill of others, and that restless inquisitiveness into affairs that do not concern us, which is pre-eminently vulgar. When we talk of the follies of our friends, or the backslidings of our acquaintances, in a duchess's boudoir, we are every whit as vulgar as the fish-wives or the village dames jabbering of the sins of Jack and Jill in any ale-house. The roots of the vulgarity are the same; inquisitiveness and idleness. All personalities are vulgar; and whether personalities are used as the base weapons to turn an argument, or as the equally base bait wherewith to make the fortunes of a newspaper, they are alike offensive and unpardonable. The best characteristic of the best society would be that they should be absolutely forbidden in it.

Another reason why the present age is more vulgar than any preceding it may also be found in the fact that in it pretension is infinitely more abundant, because infinitely more successful than it ever was before. An autocratic aristocracy and a perfect equality

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would equally make pretension impossible. But, at the present time, aristocracy is without power, and equality has no existence outside the dreams of Utopians. The result is, that the whole vast mass of humanity, uncontrolled, can struggle, and push, and strive, and sweat, and exhaust itself, to appear something that it is not, and all repose and calm and dignity, which are the foes of vulgarity, are destroyed.

Essayists have often attempted to define high breeding; but it remains indefinable. Its incomparable charm, its perfect ease, its dignity which is never asserted, yet which the most obtuse can always feel is in reserve, its very manner of performing all the trifling acts of social usage and obligation, are beyond definition. They are too delicate and too subtle for the hardness of classification. The courtier of the old story who, when told by Louis Quatorze to go first, went first without protest, was a high-bred gentleman. Charles the First, when he kept his patience and his peace under the insults of his trial at Westminster, was one also. Mme. du Barry screams and sobs at the foot of the guillotine; Marie Antoinette is calm.

True, I once knew a perfectly well-bred person who yet could neither read nor write. I can see her now in her little cottage in the Derbyshire woods, on the brown, flashing water of the Derwent River (Darron, as the people of Derbyshire call it), a fair, neat, stout, old woman with a round face and a clean mob cap. She had been a factory girl in her youth (indeed, all her womanhood had worked at the cotton mill on the river), and now was too old to do anything except to keep her one-roomed cottage, with its tall, lancet windows, its peaked, red roof, and its sweet-smelling garden, with its high elder hedge, as neat, and fresh, and clean as human hands could make them. Dear old woman! with her racy, Chaucerian English, and her happy, cheerful temper, and her silver spectacles, which some of the "gentry" had given her, and her big Bible open on the little round table, and the black kettle boiling in the wide fire-place, and her casements wide open to the nodding moss-roses and the sweet-brier boughs. Dear old woman! she was a bit of Shakespeare's England, of Milton's England, of Spenser's England, and the memory of her, and of her cottage by the brown, bright river, often comes back to me across the width of years. She was a perfectly well-bred person; she made one welcome to her little home with simple, perfect

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courtesy, without flutter, or fuss, or any effort of any sort; she had neither envy nor servility; grateful for all kindness, she never either abused "the gentry" or flattered them; and her admirable manner never varied to the peddler at her door or to the squire of her village; would never have varied, I am sure, if the queen of her country had crossed her door-step. For she had the repose of contentment, of simplicity, and of that self-respect which can never exist where envy and effort are. She could neither read nor write; she scrubbed and washed and worked for herself; she had never left that one little green nook of Derbyshire, or seen other roads than the hilly one which went up to the pine woods behind her house; but she was a perfectly well-bred woman, born of a time calmer, broader, wiser, more generous than ours.

A few miles off in the valley, where she never by any chance went, the excursion trains used to vomit forth, at Easter and in Whitsun week, throngs of the mill hands of the period, cads and their flames; tawdry, blowzy, noisy, drunken; the women with dress that aped "the fashion," and pyramids of artificial flowers on their heads; the men as grotesque and hideous in their own way, tearing through woods and fields like swarms of devastating locusts, and dragging the fern and hawthorn boughs they had torn down in the dust, ending the lovely spring day in pot-houses, drinking gin and bitters, or heavy ales by the quart, and tumbling pell-mell into the night train, roaring music-hall choruses; sodden, tipsy, yelling, loathsome creatures, such as make the monkey look a king, and the newt seem an angel beside humanity,—exact semblance and emblem of the vulgarity of the age.

I pass to-day a little wine-house built this year; it has been run up in a few months by a speculative builder; it has its name and purpose gaudily sprawling in letters two feet long across its front; it has bright green shutters and a slate roof with no eaves; it has a dusty graveled space in front of it; it looks tawdry, stingy, pretentious, meager, squalid, fine, all in one. A little way off it is another wine-house, built somewhere about the sixteenth century; it is made of solid gray stone; it has a roof of brown tiles, with overhanging eaves like a broad-leafed hat drawn down to shade a modest countenance; it has deep arched windows, with some carved stone around and above them; it has an outside stairway in stone and some ivy creeping about it; it has grass

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before it and some cherry and peach trees; the only sign of its calling is the green bough hung above the doorway. The two wine-houses are, methinks, most apt examples of the sobriety and beauty which our forefathers put into the humblest things of life and the flimsy tawdriness and unendurable hideousness which the present age displays in all it produces. I have not a doubt that the one under the cherry tree, with its bough for a sign, and its deep, cool casements, and its clean, aged look, will be soon deserted by the majority of the carters and fruit growers and river fishermen who pass this way, in favor of its vulgar rival where I am quite sure the wines will be watered tenfold and the artichokes fried in rancid oil; its patrons will eat and drink ill, but they will go to the new one, I doubt not, all of them, except a few old men, who will cling to the habit of their youth. Very possibly those who own the old one will feel compelled to adapt themselves to the progress of the age; will cut the eaves off their roof, cut down their fruit trees, whitewash their gray stone, and turn their fine old windows into French doors with green blinds,—and still it will not equal its rival in the eyes of the carters and fishers and gardeners, since it was not made yesterday! Neither its owners nor its customers can scarcely be expected to be wiser than are all the municipal counselors of Europe.

Perfect simplicity is the antithesis of vulgarity, and simplicity is the quality which modern life is most calculated to destroy. The whole tendency of modern education is to create an intense self-consciousness; and whoever is self-conscious has lost the charm of simplicity, and has already become vulgar in a manner. The most high-bred persons are those in whom we find a perfect naturalness, an entire absence of self-consciousness. The whole influence of modern education is to concentrate the mind of the child on itself; as it grows up this egoism becomes confirmed; you have at once an individual both self-absorbed and affected, both hard towards others and vain of itself.

When pretension was less possible, vulgarity was less visible, because its chief root did not exist. When the French nobility, in the time of Louis Quatorze, began to *engraisser leurs terres* with the ill-acquired fortunes of farmer-general's daughters, their manners began to deteriorate and their courtesy began to be no more than an empty shell filled with rottenness. They were not yet vulgar in their manners, but vulgarity had begun to taint their

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minds and their race, and their *mésalliances* did not have the power to save them from the scaffold. Cowardice is always vulgar, and the present age is pre-eminently cowardly; full of egotistic nervousness and unconcealed fear of all those physical dangers to which science has told all men they are liable. Pasteur is its god, and the microbe its Mephistopheles. A French writer defined it, the other day, as the age of the "infinitely little." It might be also defined as the age of absorbing self-consciousness. It is eternally placing itself in innumerable attitudes to pose before the camera of a photographer; the old, the ugly, the obscure, the deformed, delight in multiplying their likenesses on cardboard, even more than do the young, the beautiful, the famous, and the well-made. All the resources of invention are taxed to reproduce effigies of persons who have not a good feature in their faces or a correct line in their limbs, and all the resources of science are solicited to keep breath in the bodies of people who had better never have lived at all. Cymon grins before a camera as self-satisfied as though he were Adonis, and Demos is told that he is the one sacred offspring of the gods to which all creation is freely sacrificed. Out of this self-worship springs a hideous, a blatant vulgarity, which is more likely to increase than to diminish. Exaggeration of our own value is one of the most offensive of all the forms of vulgarity, and science has much to answer for in its present pompous and sycophantic attitude before the importance and the excellence of humanity. Humanity gets drunk on such intoxicating flattery of itself.

Nay, see how even what is called the "best" society sins as these do who forsake the gray stone house for the slate-roofed and stuccoed one. There has been an endless outcry about good taste in the last score of years. But where is it to be really found? Not in the crowds who rush all over the world by steam, nor in those who dwell in modern cities. Good taste cannot be gregarious. Good taste cannot endure a square box to live in, however the square box may be colored. That the modern poet can reside in Westbourne Grove, and the modern painter in Cromwell Road, is enough to set the hair of all the Muses on end. If Carlyle had lived at Concord, like Emerson, how much calmer and wiser thought, how much less jaundiced raving would the world have had from him! That is to say, if he would have had the soul to feel the green and fragrant tranquillity of Concord, which is doubt-

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ful. Cities may do good to the minds of men by the friction of opinions found in them, but life spent only in cities under their present conditions is debasing and pernicious, for those conditions are essentially and hopelessly vulgar.

If the soul of Shelley in the body of Sardanapalus, with the riches of Crœsus, could now dwell in Paris, London, or New York, it is doubtful whether he would be able to resist the pressure of the social forces round him and strike out any new forms of pleasure or festivity. All that he would be able to do would, perhaps, be to give better dinners than other people. The forms of entertainment in them are monotonous, and trivial where they are not coarse. When a man colossally rich, and therefore boundlessly powerful, appears, what new thing does he originate? What fresh grace does he add to society; what imagination does he bring into his efforts to amuse the world? None; absolutely none. He may have more gold plate than other people; he may have more powdered footmen about his hall; he may have rosewood mangers for his stables; but he has no invention, no brilliancy, no independence of tradition; he will follow all the old worn ways of what is called pleasure, and he will ask crowds to push and perspire on his staircases, and will conceive that he has amused the world.

When one reflects on the immense possibilities of an enormously rich man, or a very great prince, and sees all the *banalité*, the repetition and the utter lack of any imagination, in all that these rich men and their great princes do, one is forced to conclude that the vulgarity of the world at large has been too much for them, and that they can no more struggle against it than a rhinoceros against a quagmire; his very weight serves to make the poor giant sink deeper and quicker into the slime.

From his birth to his death it is hard indeed for any man, even the greatest, to escape the vulgarity of the world around him. Scarcely is he born than the world seizes him, to make him absurd with the fussy conventionalities of the baptismal ceremony, and, after clogging his steps, and clinging to him throughout his whole existence, Vulgarity will seize on his dead body and make even that grotesque with the low comedy of its funeral rites. Had Victor Hugo not possessed very real qualities of greatness in him he would have been made ridiculous forever by the farce of the burial which Paris intended as an honor to him.

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All ceremonies of life which ought to be characterized by simplicity and dignity, vulgarity has marked and seized for its own. What can be more vulgar than the marriage ceremony in all of what are called "civilized countries?" What can more completely take away all delicacy, sanctity, privacy and poetry from love than these crowds, this parade, these coarse exhibitions, this public advertisement of what should be hidden away in silence and in sacred solitude? To see a marriage at the Madeleine or St. Philippe du Roule, or St. George's, Hanover Square, or any other great church in any great city of the world, is to see the vulgarity of modern life at its height. The rape of the Sabines, or the rough bridal still in favor with the Turcomans and Tartars, is modesty and beauty beside the fashionable wedding of the nineteenth century, or the grotesque commonplace of civil marriage. Catullus would not have written "O Hymen Hymenæe!" if he had been taken to contemplate the thousand and one rare petticoats of a modern trousseau, or the tricolored scarf of a continental mayor, or the chairs and tables of a registry office in England or America.

Modern habit has contrived to dwarf and to vulgarize everything, from the highest passions to the simplest actions; and its chains are so strong that the king in his palace and the philosopher in his study cannot keep altogether free of them.

Why has it done so? Presumably because this vulgarity is acceptable and agreeable to the majority. In modern life the majority, however blatant, ignorant or incapable, gives the law, and the *âmes d'élite* have, being few in number, no power to op pose to the flood of coarse commonplace with which they are surrounded and overwhelmed. Plutocracy is everywhere replacing aristocracy, and has its arrogance without its elegance. The tendency of the age is not towards the equalizing of fortunes, despite the boasts of modern liberalism; it is rather towards the creation of enormous individual fortunes, rapidly acquired and lying in an indigested mass on the stomach of Humanity. It is not the possessors of these riches who will purify the world from vulgarity. Vulgarity is, on the contrary, likely to live, and multiply, and increase in power and in extent. Haste is one of its parents, and pretension the other. Hurry can never be either gracious or graceful, and the effort to appear what we are not is the deadliest foe to peace and to personal dignity.

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"Dans les anciennes sociétés l'aristocracie de l'argent était contrepesée par l'aristocracie de la naissance, l'aristocracie de l'esprit, et l'aristocracie du cœur. Mais nous, en abandonnant jusqu'au souvenir même de ces distinctions, nous n'avons laissé subsister que celles que la fortune peut mettre entre les hommes. . . . Dans les anciennes sociétés la fortune comme la noblesse représentait quelque chose d'autre, si je puis ainsi dire, et de plus qu'elle-même. Elle était vraiment une force sociale parcequ'elle était une force morale. On s'enrichissait lentement: de telle sorte que la richesse représentait non-seulement, comme je crois que disent les économistes, le travail accumulé de trois ou quatre générations, mais encore toutes les vertus modestes qui perpétuent l'amour du travail dans une même famille, et quelque chose enfin de plus haut, de plus noble, de plus rare que tout cela: le sacrifice de l'égoïsme à l'intérêt, la considération, la dignité du nom. . . . Il n'y a plus d'effort, il n'y a même pas de travail à l'origine d'un grand nombre de ces nouvelles fortunes, et l'on peut se demander s'il y a seulement de l'intelligence. Mais, en revanche, il y a de l'audace et surtout cette conviction que la richesse n'a pas de juges mais seulement des envieux et des adorateurs. C'est ce qui fait aujourd'hui l'immoralité toute particulière et toute nouvelle de cette adoration que nous professons publiquement pour lui. Le temps approche où il ne sera pas fâcheux mais honteux d'être pauvre."

These words of the celebrated French critic, Brunettière, written apropos of *La France Juive*, are essentially true, even if truth is in them somewhat exaggerated. The modern worship of riches *per se* is a vulgarity, and as he has said, it even amounts to a crime.

This is altogether opposed to the temper of the age; it is called reactionary, old-fashioned and exclusive; but there is a vast quantity of truth in it. If the edge were not rubbed off of personal dignity, if the bloom were not brushed off of good taste, and the appreciation of privacy and *recueillement* greatly weakened, all the personalities of the press and of society would never have been endured or permitted to attain the growth which they have attained. The faults of an age are begotten and born out of itself; it suffers from what it creates. One looks in vain, in this age, for any indication of any new revolt against the bond of vulgarity, or return to more delicate, more dignified, more reserved manners of life. If socialism should have its way with the world (which is possible), it will not only be vulgar, it will be sordid; all loveliness will perish; and, with all ambition forbidden, heroism and greatness will be things unknown, and genius a crime against the divinity of the Eternal Mediocre. The socialism of Bakounine, of Marx, of Krapotkine, of Tolstoï, is the dreariest and dullest of all earthly things—an Utopia without an idea, a level as blank and hopeless as the dust plains of a Russian summer. It may be a vision, dreary as it is, which will one day be realized. There is hourly growing

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in the world a dull and sullen antagonism against all superiority, all pre-eminent excellence, whether of intellect, birth or manner; and this jealousy has the germs in it of that universal war on superiority which will be necessary to bring about the triumph of socialism. At present, society is stronger than the socialists—is stronger in Germany, in America, in Italy, in Russia, even in France; but how much longer it will have this superior strength who can say? Socialism being founded, not on love, as it pretends, but on hatred—hatred of superiority—appeals to a malignant instinct in human nature, in the mediocrity of human nature, which is likely to increase as the vast and terrible increase of population makes the struggle of existence more close and more desperate. Socialism will very possibly ravage and lay waste the earth like a hydra-headed Attila; but there will be nothing to be hoped for from it in aid of the graces, the charms, or the dignity of life. Were riches more careful of these, they would hold their own better in the contest with socialism. Were society more elegant, more self-respecting, more intelligent, more distinguished, it would give its defenders much more reason and strength to plead in favor of its preservation.

But society is on the whole both stupid and vulgar. It scarcely knows the good from the bad in anything. If a fashion is set, it follows the fashion sheepishly, without knowing why it does so. It has neither genuine conscience, nor genuine taste. It will stone A. for what it admires in B., and will crucify Y. for what it smilingly condones in Z. It has no true standard for anything. It is at once hypercritical and over-indulgent. What it calls its taste is but a purblind servility. It will take the deformed *dachshund* as a pet and neglect all the beautiful races of dogs; it will broil in throngs on a bare strip of sand, and avoid all the lovely places by wood and sea; it will worship a black rose, and never glance at all the roses which nature has made. If only Fashion decree, the *dachshund*, the bare sand, and the black rose are to it the idols of the hour. It has no consistency; it will change the Japanese for the Rococo, the Renaissance for the Queen Anne, the Watteau for the Oriental, or mix them all together at the mere weather-cock dictate of fashion or caprice. It has no more consistency in its code of morals; it will ask Messalina anywhere as long as a prince speaks to her and she is the fashion; if the prince cease to speak and she cease to be the

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fashion, it puts up its fan at her vices, and scores her name out of its visiting list. There is no reality in either its pretensions to morality or good taste.

When we think of the immense potentialities and capabilities of society, of all that it might become, of all that it might accomplish, and behold the monotony of insipid folly, of ape-like imitation, of consummate hypocrisy in which it is content to roll on through the course of the years, one cannot but feel that, if its ultimate doom be to be swallowed up and vomited forth again, lifeless and shapeless, by the dragon of socialism, it will have no more than its due; that it will fall through its own sloth and vileness as the empire of Rome fell under the hordes of the barbarians.

That charming writer Gustave Droz has said that railways are at once the symbol and the outcome of the vulgarity of the age; and that whoever lets himself be shot through space like a parcel through a tube, and condescends to eat in a crowd at a station buffet, cannot by any possibility retain dignity of appearance or elegance of manners. The inelegant scrambling and pushing, and elbowing and vociferating of a modern railway station form an exact and painful image of this restless, rude, and gregarious century.

Compare the stately progress of a Queen Elizabeth, or a Louis Quatorze through the provinces, calm, leisurely, dignified, magnificent, with the modern monarch or prince always in movement as if he were a *commis-voyageur*, interviewed ridiculously on a square of red carpet on a station-platform and breathlessly listening to a breathless mayor's silly and verbose address of welcome; then rushing off, as if he were paid so much an hour, to be jostled at a dog show, hustled at an agricultural exhibition, and forced to shake hands with the very politicians who have just brought before the House the abolition of the royal prerogative. It is not the question here of whether royalty is, or is not, better upheld or abolished; but so long as royalty exists, and so long as its existence is dear to many millions, and esteemed of benefit by them, it is infinitely to be regretted that it should have lost, as it has lost, all the divinity which should hedge a king.

Recent publications of royal feelings and royal doings may be of use to the enemies of royalty by showing what twaddling nothings fill up its day; but to royalty itself they can only be be-littleing and injurious in a great degree, whilst the want of

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delicacy which could give to the public eye such intimate revelations of personal emotions and struggles with poverty, as the publication of the "Letters of the Princess Alice of England," made public property, is so staring and so strange that it seems like the public desecration of a grave.

Books, in which the most trivial and personal details are published in print by those who should veil their faces like the Latins in sorrow and veil them in their purples, could only be possible in an age in which vulgarity has even reached up and sapped the very foundations of all thrones. One cannot but feel pity for the poor dead princess, who would surely have writhed under such indignity, when one sees in the crudeness and cruelty of print her homely descriptions of suckling her children and struggling with a narrow purse, descriptions so plainly intended for no eyes but those of the person to whom they were addressed. Better—how much better!—have buried with her those humble letters in which the soul is seen naked as in its prayer-closet, and no more fit to be dragged out into the garish day of publicity than the bodily nakedness of a chaste woman is fit to be pilloried in a market place. I repeat, only an age intensely and despairingly vulgar could have rendered the publication of such letters as those royal letters to royal persons possible. Letters of intimacy are the most sacred things of life; they are the proofs of the most intimate trust and confidence which can be placed in us; and to make them public is to violate all the sweetest sanctities of life and of death.

La pudeur de l'âme is forever destroyed where such exposure of feelings, the most intimate and the most personal, becomes possible. In the preface to those letters it is said that the public will in these days know everything about us, and therefore it is better that they should know the truth from us. Not so; this attitude is indeed submission to the mob: it is unveiling the bosom in the market place. Any amount of calumny cannot destroy dignity; but dignity is forever destroyed when it condescends to call in the multitude to count its tears and see its kisses. The great man and the great woman should say to the world: "Think of me what you choose. It is indifferent to me. You are not my master; and I shall never accept you as a judge." This should be the attitude of all royalty, whether that of the king, the hero, or the genius.

OUIDA.

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"THE NEW SOUTH"—FINANCIALLY REVIEWED.

At the close of the war the South was a financial wreck. All agricultural interest was in chaotic ruin. All commercial matters were stiffened in rigid convulsion by the shocks of war. Every branch of trade was stripped of its support. All manufacturing industries were paralyzed. All facilities for transportation were cut off, or crippled by the wide-spread devastation. In this sad plight, the New South was ushered into historical existence, and, as a climax to her destitution, she was bereft of state, municipal, and individual credit. The whole system of labor had been so violently disturbed and suddenly revolutionized, that every industry stood on the verge of destruction. On such a state of affairs there could be no substantial credit, and, consequently, values of every description contracted with a severity that threatened universal bankruptcy. Prior to the war, the great bulk of all that section's fortune was concentrated in slaves and land, and in the dawn of this new era one constituent part of that wealth was absolutely obliterated, and the other, because of its supposed dependence on that, became unavailable possession and suffered extreme depreciation. Enormous debts, private and public, had been contracted through the wreckless extravagance induced by the inflated currency of war times, and now all these obligations seemed beyond the possibility of adjustment, except by wholesale repudiation. Corporations were dismantled of their equipment, and crippled in their capacity. Cities were wrapped in gloom and destitute of thrift; and even the States were ruptured in every department and wasted in treasury. All local government was virtually out of harmony with law and order. In this state of almost utter despair, the people stood transfixed by the oppressive darkness of that hour, which was just before the dawn of a new epoch. That blessed dawn soon came, breaking with its shimmering light of

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promise above the heavy clouded horizon, awaking the people to new strength, new hope, new energy, and new life, all of which combined in sacred pledge to make the New South.

The people soon adjusted themselves to their new relations, and began work with a steadfastness of purpose that bespoke determination in every energetic stroke. Various branches of business were nursed back into health by watchful care and untiring zeal. The diversified manufacturing interests were steadily revived through the encouraging return of local self-government, and the renewal of active trade. Seriously damaged, and even totally wrecked, railroad properties were gradually repaired and rebuilt, until the indispensable means of transportation were thoroughly re-established. The new system of agricultural labor was adopted in good faith, and the wage-worker proved a no more formidable element in the cost of production than had been the expense of supporting the slaves in former times. The extreme hardships which were suffered, and the privations endured during this season of severe struggle, developed a wise frugality and talent for economic management hitherto unknown among that people, who, in previous years, had been noted for their prodigal extravagance and lavish luxuries.

Slowest of all to recover from the destroying evils of war was public and private commercial credit. Corporations continued for several years without the support of advantageous loans, and individuals were strictly confined to a cash basis in their negotiations. To illustrate the latter phase of this fact, one unique instance is sufficient. As late as 1875 a prominent house in Augusta, Ga., telegraphed a very large establishment in New York City, asking the price of sugar. The reply gave no quotations, but simply said, "We do not sell South." Things have changed. To-day that same establishment sends its traveling salesmen from one end of Georgia to the other, and every mail carries many price currents and circular letters to Augusta merchants soliciting their patronage.

Foreign capital was timid and tardy in creeping back into the reconstructed States, but, as it ventured cautiously across the border lines, it saw in the wide expanse of fertile fields, and in the fast flowing channels of growing trade, an abounding security for promises to pay, and soon began to lend itself liberally to the continued development of the natural resources, and the rapid

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recuperation of the scientific industries of the section. Through this assistance, confidence at home and abroad was hurried to restoration, and returning prosperity quickened its pace to the sweet music of better times. All property improved in value, and many assets that had long been regarded as unavailable and nominal were revived into marketable appreciation.

This bright season of triumph lifted the people into the heights of pride and rejoicing, and, intoxicated with their brilliant success, they flung themselves for a brief season into the delirium of speculation, which jeopardized their recuperating credit and checked their healthful prosperity. They learned quickly the fatal error of this course, and at once re-established themselves in the conservative habits of legitimate business and profitable industry. There is comparatively very little speculation to-day in the South, while several years ago the dangerous practice prevailed to an alarming degree. The universal boom in 1880 throughout the country, spread wide the passion for rapid gain, and the inordinate advance of values stimulated the natural "bull" spirit of the Southern operator, and made him reckless in his ventures. Profit piled upon profit through the fictitious appreciation in all classes of securities, until visions of quick-coming wealth danced through the fevered brain of hazardous traders, and nearly all men became imbued with the spirit of the times, and, adopting that dangerous motto, "nothing venture, nothing have," took desperate part in the "big gamble."

The natural reaction from the unreasonable height to which prices attained had necessarily to come, and when it did, the decline was sharp and violent. The general collapse caught the South for many millions of dollars, and, while the losses were severe, the reformatory effect was worth all it cost. The burnt children have been very timid of the fire since. Ask any Wall street broker or member of the Chicago Board of Trade how the amount of speculative business being done by the South to-day compares with its volume of five or six years ago, and hear their report of how enormously it has fallen off. They are eminently competent witnesses in "the case at bar," and their testimony is invaluable for proving the re-established conservatism in trade, and contentment with the legitimate rewards of labor.

The South is on firmer financial basis to-day than she has been since the war. By way of palpably demonstrating this creditable

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fact, permit us to offer a few comparative figures and relative statements.

At the close of the war the largest cotton crop which had ever been produced under the slave system of labor was 4,861,292 bales, in 1859 and 1860. For the crop year which closed Sept. 1st, 1883, the report of the *Financial Chronicle* gave the unparalleled total of 6,992,234 bales. Make every allowance for the more liberal use of commercial fertilizers that season, for the exceptionably favorable weather and the unusual extent of acreage, and still, there is in those enormous figures too great increase to ignore the proven efficiency and gratifying results of hired labor in agricultural pursuits. Neither is the tremendous yield of that year apt to dwarf its near successors. The popular estimate of the current crop is over six and a half million bales.

The chief disadvantage which is experienced with the present system of labor is the irresponsibility of the negro in making a contract for his services. He will agree to work for a year on certain terms, which are usually part for cash and part for supply of rations. He has a marvelous talent for overdrawing both accounts, and, after getting in debt, he is more than apt, regardless of the value of his services at that immediate time, to utterly ignore his contract and quit the premises. This evil, it is hoped, will be materially corrected when the negro shall have been educated up to a proper appreciation of the binding obligation of promises. Until then, the farmer's only apparent remedy is a constant cultivation of patience, and an exercise of close discrimination in employing his hands.

The cereals are being more widely sown, which indicates an increasing appreciation of diversified crops, and with a still wider practice of this plan will surely come better returns to the planter. Some improvement in stock-breeding, and considerable increase in the raising of blooded cattle, are to be generally noted. These conditions in the present farming interest of the South of course contribute valuably to the general wellfare, and do much for the health and strength of the financial situation.

Looking directly to money matters, as they were and as they are, the first thing that commands attention is the ruling rate of interest. For some time after the war money was scarce at any price, and for several years first-class commercial paper could rarely be discounted at less than 12 per cent. Even that rate was

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a matter of favor to a select few. The great majority of notes were negotiated at 1½ per cent. a month. These exorbitant and ruinous rates have, to the great relief of commercial affairs, gradually lessened, until to-day the predominating rate of interest on good paper throughout the Southern States is 7 per cent., and choice loans can easily be placed at 6 per cent.

A moment's reflection on the immense saving between these extreme rates furnishes splendid and substantial evidence of the improved credit and financial betterment of the section. All desirable securities, too, have improved in the ratio of that reduction which has been made in ruling rates of interest. State, municipal, and railroad bonds, which were *then* sunken low in disfavor and distrust, are *now* marked up in the range of liberal premiums. Of State bonds, those of the Carolinas, Georgia, and Alabama stand best. For Virginia, Tennessee, and Louisiana so much cannot be claimed, but it must be remembered, with charity and patience, that they suffered most during the terrible conflict. To make comparative figures, it is only necessary to use one State, a few cities, and two or three railroads. These will serve to illustrate the general principle.

In selecting Georgia for these comparisons, I am influenced by a natural partiality toward my native State and her institutions; but in according especial distinction to her, I would withhold no praise nor congratulation from the others. At the close of the war nearly all the floating bonds of Southern States were bearing liberal rates of interest, some as high as 8 per cent. To this general rule Georgia was no exception. She had out quite an issue of eights, and very few were under seven. Even these eights sold as low as 75c., and for several years all issues dragged heavily, and ruled at prices considerably below par. Slowly, but steadily, they appreciated, after an advance was once begun, until all classes crossed the face-value line, and Georgia's "I. O. U." was again worth a hundred cents on the dollar. The eights have all matured and been retired with new issues at lower rates. The sevens are nearly all redeemed, and even of sixes there are now comparatively few outstanding. The last obligation which the State issued was made about a year ago, when she marketed a thirty year 4½ per cent. bond at a premium. The entire issue was bought by a syndicate of New York and Philadelphia capitalists on speculation. The deal proved exceedingly

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profitable. The bonds were rapidly resold at a material advance over the price which the State realized, many of them being drawn back home by the strong demand among general investors there, and an especial desire for them by those having the management and control of trust funds. It is also worthy of mention that $2,000,000 of them have recently been sold to Paris at 107½, and while this is striking evidence of *foreign* confidence, it is no more assuring than the implicit trust of her own people, which makes Georgia's credit as high at home as it is abroad.

Municipal bonds of the principal cities of this State are now likewise held in very high esteem. Savannah suffered great financial disaster and indescribable affliction through the memorable epidemic of 1876. At this time her bonded debt was bearing 7 per cent. interest. The extreme depression in all business, and consequent difficulty in collecting taxes subsequent to the scourge, forced Savannah to the necessity of appealing for indulgence. She made no threat of repudiation, nor asked any compromise on the face of her indebtedness, but only begged a reduction of interest on her debt. This was allowed by her creditors, and the floating bonds then bearing seven were accordingly reduced in their rate of interest to five per cent. All these have since matured, and been redeemed by new issues bearing 5 per cent. These are now selling readily at several points above par. The way in which this record contributes materially to the evidence of general improvement in the South, is by comparing the present price of the five per cent. bonds with that at which the old sevens ruled, even before the epidemic. Such comparison shows a marked appreciation, despite the reduction of interest.

Augusta has made a very recent issue of bonds bearing 4½ per cent., which were readily sold at par. Nearly all previous issues are bearing 6 per cent., none a lower rate, but they command sufficient premium in open market to-day to justify the great reduction of interest on the late issue. In that city the vast cotton manufacturing interest of the South has so concentrated as to make the place known as "the Lowell of the South." The mills are large, numerous, and successful, some of them having a record of marvelous profit to their stockholders, and all combining in a history of sufficient prosperity to prove the success of cotton spinning in the South. The factories at Augusta involve several millions of money, give employment to nearly five thou-

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sand operatives, disburse through their pay-rolls at least a million dollars annually, and turn out a yearly product amounting almost to the total of their aggregate capital.

These mills have naturally increased the population of the city very rapidly, and through them the taxable property of the place has been nearly doubled within the last 15 years. For a time it was thought a lack of skilled labor would put Southern mills at a serious disadvantage in competing with the long-established cotton factories of New England. A fair test has disposed of that fear, and the vast natural advantages of that section for spinning and weaving the staple of her soil have never been disputed. Capital has become enthusiastically converted to the faith, and consequently, while, according to the census report of 1880, the South had only 583,696 spindles, and consumed that year 188,744 bales of cotton, it is estimated that on September 30th, 1885, there were running 1,125,000 spindles, and during that year that 316,062 bales of cotton were consumed.

I return to the cities of Georgia, to make special mention of Atlanta, the State capital. This, the "Gate City" of Georgia (so called because of the many railroads entering it), is perhaps the most active and enterprising city of the South. Without any great number of large individual fortunes among its citizens, there are a few conspicuously rich men. Better than these for the town's welfare, however, is an abounding flow of public spirit through the entire population. Men, women, and children have all their powers consecrated to the progress and general good of the city. The men work for it, the women pray for it, "the children cry for it." This universal spirit of loyalty and untiring industry has lifted the city out of the ashes to which the war consigned it, and built it anew; making it noted for its energy, admirable for its thrift, and conspicuous for its financial credit. Fifteen years ago Atlanta floated an issue of 10 per cent. bonds with great difficulty at par, to-day her sevens sell at over 20 per cent. premium, and within the last six months she has marketed a 4½ per cent. bond at par.

Just at present railroads in Georgia are on a genuine boom. Those already established are doing a magnificent business, and yielding excellent returns upon the capital invested in them. This is constantly encouraging the consideration and projection of various new lines to facilitate the development of that vast wealth which abounds in the natural resources of the section.

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The instances cited in Georgia are not exceptional to her borders, but are only fairly illustrative of the general condition of affairs in the South, compared with what they were twenty years ago.

Nearly all railroad and other corporate properties are untrameled by excessive fixed charges, and have only such liabilities as are commensurate with their earning capacity. Most of the cities are free from burdensome debt, and restricted by State law from increasing their obligations beyond a conservative limit, based upon the value of taxable property. The majority of the States, too, are enjoying the advantages of superior credit, and suffering no financial inconvenience. Few pressing needs are now apparent, yet further promotion of the general welfare may be effected through a liberal increase of banking capital, and legislation devising better methods for the prompt collection of loans, secured by real estate.

In any discussion of the New South, the negro becomes an important element, and, in fact, has monopolized so much of the thought that has been given to the subject, that to-day we find him inseparably associated with it. He is there to stay, and when all new circumstances, and conditions, and relations shall have worn themselves old, and the South with the lapse of years shall have lost its present prefix, the negro will be found fastened to her soil, and fenced in by her borders. In politics he is a problem that will solve itself; socially he will never rise above his own level; morally he will continue to be guided by the impulses of his emotional nature, and for their better direction let us look with hope to the probable results of his prospective education.

The harmonious relations which have been so generally preserved since the war between the negro and his former owners make a remarkable record, which redounds to the praise and honor of all concerned. It has required the profoundest consideration on the one side, and the most exemplary decorum on the other. The demands of the case were prodigious, and they have been most admirably met. Without such mutual observances, the South would have lingered in that desolation and poverty which the war entailed, and had even those miseries cruelly aggravated by arson, riot, and bloodshed. Instead of provoking such calamities, she has heroically lifted herself back to the high and fertile plains of prosperity, where the present is rich with ripe fruit, and the future blooms with luxuriant promise.

MARION J. VERDERY.

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THE CONDITION OF THE AMERICAN STAGE.

DURING the last two or three seasons so few good plays have been brought out in this country that the theatres have been generally unattended by the more intelligent portion of the drama-loving public. As a natural consequence, we hear the cry started by managers, who do not or will not understand the situation, that people who go to the theatre do not want to think, but only to be startled by sensational effects or tickled by grotesque antics. Through gross pandering to morbid tastes, or the desire for mere clowning, managers have, like Frankinstein, created a monster which now pursues and threatens to devour them. The only managers we have who direct stock-theatres, Messrs. Wallack, Daly, and Palmer in New York, and Mr. Field in Boston, have fought bravely, though often unsuccessfully, against the demoralizing tendencies of the mere theatrical speculator, who takes up the drama, or rather some miserable offshoot thereof, for the sole purpose of making money. Now, a manager who is really worthy of the name, must have some feeling for and pride in the art with which he is associated. Unless he has the literary taste to appreciate clever writing, the theatrical training which enables him to choose good and reject bad dramatic "construction," the critical insight necessary to secure able actors and actresses, and to cast them in suitable rôles, and an artistic feeling in the selection of scenery, furniture, and other stage-appointments, he is unfitted for his position, no matter how great his business ability. Every one of the managers named above, possesses these qualities in a high degree; but one or two have become at times so discouraged, as to state in print that they were only business men who kept, so to speak, theatrical shops, and were bound to stock them with just such goods as the public would buy. Admitting for a moment this low view of their calling, it must be conceded by any person who looks beyond the immediate present, that the good man-of-

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business who has a reputation to maintain, will not imperil the character of his establishment by offering inferior goods. Messrs. Tiffany could, doubtless, add largely to their profits if they sold flawed or off-colored gems, and Messrs. Steinway or Chickering could immensely increase their sales if they would put their names on cheaply-made and, consequently, low-priced pianos. But these firms, and hundreds of others of similar standing, know that such profits would not be long secured, and that the temporary gain would be far outweighed by the ultimate loss of reputation, and the better-paying and more enduring business dependent thereon. Such firms do not lower the quality of their goods during periods of business depression; on the contrary, they seek to draw trade by making, if possible, their wares more tasteful, novel, and attractive. The theatrical manager, therefore, who, in like times, lowers the quality of the entertainment he provides, is not even a good tradesman, for he is ruining his reputation and driving away future patrons.

The causes which have mainly contributed to bring about the present unsatisfactory condition of the American stage are:

1. General mercantile depression.
2. The lack of particularly good English or French plays.
3. The want of encouragement of American authors.
4. The rise and growth of the acrobatic comedy.
5. The prevalence of the combination system.
6. The fact that management is so largely in the hands of mere speculators.
7. The flooding of the profession by novices from comic opera companies.

(1.) Strikes, labor troubles, the low price of agricultural produce, the dishonest management of railroads, and the nervousness of some capitalists at the transference of political power to the Democracy have combined to cause a stringency in money matters which, naturally, has resulted in a general economizing of expenditures. And the very first expenses which people curtail are those of their amusements. At one time it was contended that in periods of panic and business failure men would go to the theatre to divert their thoughts. Experience and observation have, however, shown this theory to be a fallacy. Nor is it the very rich and fashionable class, who are least affected by the condition of business, that are the best supporters of the theatre.

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They have so incessant a round of social amusement that, except when a play is so strong as to become a general topic of conversation, about which it is necessary to know something, they can rarely spare time for the drama. The most constant and liberal theatre-goers are those who may be most accurately defined by the Anglicism, "the upper middle-class." It is precisely these persons, whose incomes are largely dependent on the momentarily existing state of trade or the demand for professional services, who are the first to feel the necessity for economizing.

(2.) Of plays which combined literary excellence with strong dramatic effect both the French and English stages have, during the last three or four years, been singularly barren. "Fédora" is almost the only great drama that has come to us from France. Augier, the greatest of all contemporary French dramatists—though unhappily little known to our stage—has been silent; Dumas has produced only one piece, "Denise," treating in a rather dull way an extremely unpleasant subject; Feuillet, author of "Led Astray" and "The Romance of a Poor Young Man," as they are here named, has written only "Chamillac," not a very assured success in Paris, and handicapped for this market by the fact that the hero, having been a criminal, is unheroic; Dennery, the *doyen* of French dramatists, has, it is true, constructed another powerful melodrama, "Martyr," the American right to which has been secured by Mr. A. M. Palmer, of the Madison Square Theatre, where it will probably be included in the attractions of this season. He produced the play in Chicago, in June last, but the critics of that city were not nearly so enthusiastic concerning it as were those of Paris. The intrigue is based on adultery and the birth of an illegitimate child, subjects with which we have been somewhat surfeited, and from which our healthier moral taste turns with no little abhorrence.

Since the deaths of Robertson and H. J. Byron, England has been without a dramatist of notable force or originality. Wills can treat an old subject poetically, but seems to have no invention; Pinero, though accused of plagiarism in "The Squire," has shown in "The Magistrate" that he can write a good, bustling light-comedy; perhaps the most earnest and serious writer is H. A. Jones, of "Silver King" and "Saints and Sinners" fame. The last-mentioned is a good, though by no means a great, play, and was, assuredly, the best English piece that was made known here

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last season. There have been many English melodramas reproduced of late in this country, but they are nearly all put together for scenic effect, and do not call for critical attention.

(3.) Not having been able to secure good plays from abroad, have our managers endeavored to give American authors a chance to make their abilities known? Unfortunately only to a very limited extent! A new manageress, Miss Dauvray, did secure a play from Mr. Bronson Howard, and was able to run it an entire season in a theatre previously associated only with failures. This gentleman is certainly the cleverest of American dramatists, and even he finds it desirable to live for the greater part of his time in England, where his pieces are fully appreciated and find ready hearing. In a recent article in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, Mr. Daly pointed to a number of American dramatists who had done good work, and were certainly capable of doing more, but scarcely one of them succeeded in getting a play upon the boards during the season of 1885–6. A man who has a story to tell dramatically will only do his best work when writing for a stock-company, unfettered by the necessity of bringing a "star" or "stars" into prominence to the detriment of the natural development of his plot. Now when there are only in this vast country four permanently-established stock-companies, it is evident that the opportunities for the native dramatist, who aspires to something higher that "star-fitting"—the dramatic tailoring of writing—are very few. One of these four is almost permanently closed against him, for the fortunate manager, Mr. Daly, is able to adapt and arrange his own plays. To his credit, it must be said that he accomplishes his task in a masterly style, and probably no one else could so well fit his company or so thoroughly please his audiences. Then, too, he has settled on a class of light play, which excludes from his stage the writers who deal with the stronger emotions and passions. So the American dramatist's field is narrowed down to three theatres, the managers of which are bidding against each other for established foreign successes, and who, as a rule, will only deal with the native product when their favorite source of supply has temporarily run dry. The extremely uncertain chance of having a play adequately produced is so remote that it deters writers who are able to put their ideas into any other form of literature from attempting to write for the stage. It is absurd to state or suppose that the literary ability

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which Americans are constantly displaying, could not be profitably employed on the drama. The technical knowledge necessary can be gained by a close study of plays and the theatre, or may more easily be obtained by taking into collaboration an experienced stage-manager or a hack playwright.

Up to the present time in this country, a dramatist's only source of revenue has been the royalty for the representation of his works, the taste for reading plays not having yet made much progress. In France, a successful play will sell by the tens of thousands, and at a price that yields author and publisher handsome profits. It is a marvelously enticing form of reading, from its necessary terseness, strength, and vivid characterization. A little start has happily been made in this direction in the publication in some of our best magazines of the little reading comedies of Howells, Brander Matthews, Sturgis, and some efforts of my own in the same direction. And I am assured by the editors that stories told in this form are well liked by their readers. The plays of W. S. Gilbert, printed in one volume, have found a fair sale here, and all indications seem to point to the fact that we are slowly, but surely, following the French lead.

(4.) Nearly fifteen years ago, the Vokes family, a number of very clever specialty performers, who had appeared in pantomimes and on the stages of music halls in Great Britain, came to this country and played in a farcical absurdity entitled "Belles of the Kitchen," at the Union Square Theatre. It was an amusing hodge-podge of singing, dancing, pantomime, and burlesque acting. All the performers were able, and none more so than the charming Rosina, who returned to this country last year, and, in a number of short plays, proved that she was still an excellent and most attractive artist. Very soon after the immediate and extremely pronounced success of the Vokes family, a swarm of imitators began to settle on the country. The Troubadours were the first, and then followed such conglomerations as "Fun on The Bristol," "Pop, the Author," etc., etc. These were simply excuses for the introduction on the stages of legitimate theatres of performers and performances which had previously been restricted to the variety stage. Variety theatres were not at that time considered particularly proper places for ladies to go to, and when the new style of entertainment was first opened to them its very novelty, and, perhaps, even the slight suspicion of impropriety that

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hung around it, proved attractive. Such alleged plays, which may be termed "acrobatic comedies," appeal only to the eyes, and tickle the ear with "catchy" melodies; but they never give intellectual gratification, and never arouse any thought, except, perhaps, among those who look on them as a degradation of the drama. Now, a few of these theatrical hashes might not have done any harm, and would have been certainly enough to please the audiences who find it tiresome to follow the thread of a story, or to have their deeper feelings stirred. But, unhappily, the majority of American managers have no distinct policy. When one makes a "hit" with a special style of entertainment, the others all cry out "that is evidently what the public want," and immediately rush off to try and get as close an imitation as possible. The result has been that the country has been literally flooded with acrobatic comedies, each successive one endeavoring to be more outrageously absurd than its predecessor. Last season, what appears to be the climax was reached, in making one of these olla-podridas the medium for putting a circus upon the stage. It was not successful, though the acting people engaged did their best to work up interest for the horses and their riders. It scarcely seems possible that the putters-together of these farce-comedies can extend their field of operations much further. They have tried moving trains, revolving houses, clowns, acrobats, performing animals, and very nude dressing until it seems that their efforts must fail from lack of novelty. Scarcely any actors are employed in these pieces, nearly all the performers being known as "specialty people," whose singing, dancing, or gymnastic accomplishments form nearly their whole claims to notice.

Audiences have become so used to this combination of burlesque with what is technically known as the "knock-down-and-drag-out" business, that they are in the position of a man whose palate has been so long tempted with "kickshaws" that he is unable to enjoy a wholesome diet of plain roast beef. A taste for caviare and *pâté de foie gras*, when once acquired, is not easily shaken off, and the return to healthier food requires a strong effort, and one that may be even a little painful. But the reaction is bound to come, for the most vitiated appetite will, after a while, ask variety in its pleasures.

(5.) The prevalence of the combination system, by which all theatres outside of New York and Boston are furnished with their

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entertainments by traveling organizations, has wrought almost incalculable damage to our dramatic art, in every one of its departments. Formerly, when actors and managers of taste and long experience, like McVicker in Chicago, De Bar in St. Louis, Albaugh and Ford in Baltimore, Miles in Cincinnati, Ellsler in Pittsburgh, and others too numerous to mention, controlled the chief theatres of the various States, they kept resident companies, produced new plays, and were, in the true sense of the word, managers. Now they are little more than janitors of their respective houses, having no control whatever over the entertainments given on their stages, beyond, in the first instance, the selection of them. The authors who used to get, in these theatres, an occasional chance for the production of their plays, are now effectually barred out. The actors who were able to make homes for at least a season, are now perpetually traveling—a life that destroys comfort and imperils health and the sanctity of domestic relations. Instead of playing a great number of parts each year, thereby gaining the ease and experience which are absolutely necessary to good acting, the actor represents one character for an entire season, and probably plays it far worse at the end than at the beginning of his engagement. His performance becomes mechanical and perfunctory; his audiences are always changing, and he cares comparatively little what they think of him, for they may not meet again for a long time. When the actor was in the "stock" he was ever striving to become a local favorite, knowing that the doing so would insure his reëngagement for another season, possibly in a more advanced position, or secure a transferrence to a theatre of higher standing. There is, undoubtedly, more raw talent to-day in the ranks of actors and actresses than ever before, but the practical impossibility of securing proper artistic training leaves it, for the most part, imperfectly developed. Then, too, the accidental "hits" made by a few stars of no decided ability leads many players to have no ambition beyond "getting a piece" and inflicting themselves on the public in what they too frequently vainly believe to be their specialties. The desire to be a good leading stock actor is far more commendable, and more truly artistic, than that to be a star playing one rôle continually. But as with managers, so with actors, the desire for money-getting overrides devotion to art, and the followers of this greatest, because most absolutely realizing—

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fleeting though its form be—of all arts, come to regard it merely as a business.

(6.) How few managers of stock companies there are left, has been previously stated. With the exception of Mr. Daly, every one of them seems at times to be feeling his way and not to have a distinct policy. Each occasionally jumps from comedy to farce, from farce to melodrama, and from melodrama to domestic drama. Their companies are, naturally, not equally at home in all kinds of plays, and unsatisfactory performances often result from these violent alternations. The experience of older countries has shown the advisability of a manager restricting himself to one class of play. His company is then seen always at its best, for it is doing the work for which it is especially selected. His patrons, moreover, know what to expect, and learn to go to his theatre, without even particularly inquiring what the night's bill may be, for they are assured they will witness something good and of the kind they like. At one time Mr. Wallack had such a reputation for the presentation of high-class comedies of both the old and new schools; but his production of sensational melodramas, however remunerative temporarily, has, it is generally believed, driven away his old and, for a long time, faithful lovers of comedy.

The road-manager has very rarely been an actor. He is a business man, pure and simple, and is generally rather given to boast of the fact. He has no "weakness," as he would term it, for art; he is "in to make money," which he proceeds to do by beating down the salaries of actors till they reach such a low level that ambition is almost crushed. He makes his companies play nine, ten, and even, sometimes, twelve times a week, and is happiest when he reaches some Godless Western town where he can give two performances on Sunday. Whenever it is possible he makes an actor play two or three parts, and the best actor is very often to him the one who will accept the smallest salary. As for encouragement, sympathy, or consideration, an actor might quite as hopefully look to a calculating machine, and would, at least, have in that case an assurance that its figures were correct—a confidence he does not always feel when the manager exhibits a statement which shows the impossibility of paying salaries. These so-called managers are, moreover, constantly on the look-out for rich and ambitious amateurs, who, for the sake of exhibiting their supposed charms and gorgeous dresses, will forego the trifling consideration

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of salary. It is these people who too frequently take the bread out of the mouths of the well-trained professional; and it is these people, with whom the stage is only a means of gratifying vanity, who are responsible for by far the larger share of the immorality so freely, and often so baselessly, charged against actresses.

(7.) When "Pinafore" overran this country like a virulent epidemic, amateurs and church-choir members by the hundreds became, in their own opinions, professional actors and actresses. A few weeks' work in the chorus sufficed to render them so dissatisfied with their old means of earning a livelihood that they have never returned to it. Posing as actors and actresses they have been engaged by undiscriminating or unscrupulous managers at salaries so low that many old-time actors, rather than compete with such incompetence and inexperience, have retired from the profession. The writer has repeatedly met girls, who, after one season in the chorus of comic opera, have sought positions as leading ladies in dramatic companies, and, what is worse, have sometimes obtained them. The inefficient actors and actresses, of whom the public so often complain, come most frequently from this class.

Whence is the amelioration of this unhappy condition of our stage coming, if coming at all? I sincerely believe the signs, though they are, perhaps, like the cloud, no larger than a man's hand, are still plainly to be seen. The most hopeful, perhaps, were the receptions accorded in New York last season to two plays, "The Jilt," by Dion Boucicault, and "Our Society," a version by Clinton Stuart of Pailleron's "*Le monde ou l'on s'ennuie.*" "The Jilt" is a brilliantly written, but entirely unsensational, comedy of character, something in the vein of its distinguished author's first effort, "London Assurance." It was greeted most warmly by critics and public. "Our Society," a three-act comedy, is almost uneventless during the first two acts, and depends for its effect on clever contrast of types and brilliant dialogue. The third act has more dramatic action, but, even then, nothing of a stirring nature. Yet this play was a marked success of the season at the Madison Square Theatre.

In an article printed in the *Century* some months since, I quoted Théophile Gautier's *dictum*, that the stage always follows, and follows at a considerable interval, the taste in fictional litera-

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ture. How strongly we are tending in our novels to the study and depiction of character, to the exclusion of mere sensational incident, must be evident to every one. The greetings given to the two comedies above instanced, prove that in New York, at least, there is a theatre-going public being gradually educated up to demand in plays the same qualities they admire in novels. And the taste that is first created in our intellectual centres will slowly, but surely, filter through the country. There will, of course, be always a demand for melodrama and farce, but that demand will decrease till it will be fully satisfied by the cheaper theatres, while the stages of the more expensive ones will be left for plays which possess accurate character-drawing and literary merit.

In a recently published article on Russian literature, Mr. Francisque Sarcey quotes M. Melchior de Vogues to this effect:

"Romanticism was a bastard product. It inspired the revolt. By a reaction against the classical heroes it sought from preference its characters in the social dregs. But, unwittingly, it was still penetrated with the classic spirit, for the monsters that it invented were still heroes among their class. Its courtesans, its convicts, its beggars, were more vain and boastful than the kings and queens of the old time. The bombastic theme had changed, but not the bombast. The public soon grew weary of romanticism. It demanded writers that would more faithfully represent life, that would depict society more in conformity with its actual manifestations. It sought in its literature the complexities of life, of beings, of ideas, and that element of relation which has been replaced in our time by the taste for the absolute."

The public has grown weary of the romaniticism of the novel. It is already wearying fast of that of the stage. It is beginning to demand truth and naturalness, and of such kinds as it daily meets and knows. To render these attractive, the skill of the able writer must be added to that of the technical playwright. When this shall have been done a few times, and managers have found courage to present such work, we shall hear no more of the "permanent divorce of literature from the stage." The parting will prove to have been, happily, only a temporary separation. May it, like many other such separations, lead to a better understanding and appreciation of each by the other.

JULIAN MAGNUS.

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THE CONSPIRACIES OF THE REBELLION.

THE first conspiracy of the rebellion was for the abduction of James Buchanan, then President of the United States. Its object was to hold him as a hostage, in order to effect more easily terms of compromise with the North. The motive of the conspirators did not involve the death of any one. The plan was to kidnap Buchanan, take him out of Washington, and, as he disappeared, to inaugurate Breckenridge president.

The leader of it was Mr. Wigfall, then senator from Texas, but it failed for want of unity of purpose. On Christmas day, 1860, Wigfall went to the house of Mr. Floyd, Secretary of War, taking other gentlemen with him. Mr. Floyd heard the emissaries through, and then, in a most emphatic manner, refused to have anything to do with such a conspiracy. Disappointed in Floyd's conclusion and action, Wigfall lost his temper and deported himself in a boisterous manner. This conspiracy was mainly made up of the Southern people, but embraced prominent men at Washington and some in New York. It was the only one formed during the rebellion which had anything in it except crime. This had a logical, sensible purpose, and who can measure or define the difference to this country whether it had succeeded or not.

The next conspiracy was to kill President Lincoln at Baltimore, on his way to Washington to be inaugurated. At that time, the journey of the President to Washington had become something of a triumphal march, and in the passage of Mr. Lincoln large assemblages convened along the route at the prominent towns where he made speeches. The plan of his journey took him to Harrisburg the twenty-second of February, and through Baltimore to Washington on the twenty-third, passing Baltimore about eleven o'clock in the morning and arriving at Washington later the same day.

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At that time there lived in Chicago a man by the name of Allan Pinkerton, the President of a detective agency there, and of other co-operative branches in the principal cities of the United States. He was a man of real integrity, and stood well with the prominent men of the country, and he and his force were often employed by the railroads and express companies in ferreting out crimes. Early in the year 1861, Mr. Pinkerton, at Chicago, received a letter from Samuel H. Felton, then President of the Philadelphia, Wilmington and Baltimore Railroad, requesting his presence in Philadelphia. Going there, he was told that the company had learned that schemes were on foot for the injury of their railroad, and the obstruction of travel. Communication with the North could be cut off in this manner, and by the destruction of bridges along this line of railroad, or of ferry-boats, which transmitted the trains at Havre de Grace. Mr. Pinkerton visited various points along the road, and stationed his men, among other places, at Perryville, Havre de Grace, and Baltimore. He found all desire to injure the road resulted from a wish to prevent the inauguration of Mr. Lincoln, and the ultimate design of this contemplated disturbance was purely political.

With a view to penetrate this plot, Mr. Pinkerton stationed men of fine address and appearance at the leading hotels in Baltimore; they claiming to have come from New Orleans and other Southern cities, where they were actually familiar with the localities in such cities, and, going to Baltimore himself, instructed them to assume the appearance of secessionists, wear secession badges, talk secession talk, mingle with secession men, and report to him at his office in that city, approachable by an alley. One of these was Timothy Webster, who was afterwards hung as a Union spy in Richmond, Virginia. These men attended secession meetings, floated with the tide of public opinion, joined in the conspiracy itself, assisted in the formation of a design to assassinate the President, and attended the meetings at which the men were selected for the act of killing. Mr. Pinkerton had also a lady who represented herself as being from Montgomery, Alabama, where she had actually lived, and she moved in society in Baltimore to learn what the ladies had to say on the subject.

The plan there matured was, when the train should arrive upon the railroad from Harrisburg, at eleven o'clock in the morning, for these conspirators to collect at the depot, near where Mr.

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Lincoln would be, and that a riot should be excited, and Mr. Lincoln killed in the confusion.

By the time these facts had been ascertained, he had reached New York on his way from Springfield to Washington. Pinkerton left Baltimore and went to Philadelphia, where he met Mr. Judd, from Chicago, and of the President's party, and late in the evening of the twenty-first made known the facts as above stated to him and Mr. Lincoln.

General Winfield Scott was then Commander-in-Chief of the army of the United States, and in that capacity had charge of Mr. Lincoln's inauguration. It was his duty to see that that inauguration took place peaceably. News of this conspiracy having come to his knowledge, he placed the details of the investigation in the hands of his Inspector-General, Col. Charles P. Stone. Mr. Stone, in an article in the *Century* for July, 1883, page 465, thus describes what was done by himself independently and not knowing of anything done by Mr. Pinkerton. He says:

"I received daily numerous communications from various parts of the country, informing me of plots to prevent the arrival of the President-elect at the capital. These warnings came from St. Louis, from Chicago, from Cincinnati, from Pittsburgh, from New York, from Philadelphia, and, especially, from Baltimore. Every morning I reported to General Scott on the occurrences of the night and the information received by the morning's mail; and every evening I rendered an account of the day's work and received instructions for the night. General Scott also received numerous warnings of danger to the President-elect which he would give me to study and compare. Many of the communications were anonymous and vague. But, on the other hand, many were from calm and wise men, one of whom became, shortly afterward, a Cabinet Minister; one was a railway President, another a distinguished ex-Governor of a State, etc., etc. In every case where the indications were distinct, they were followed up to learn if real danger existed.

"So many clear indications pointed to Baltimore, that three good detectives of the New York police force were constantly employed there. These men reported frequently to me, and their statements were constantly compared with the information received from independent sources.

"Doubtless, Mr. Lincoln, at his home in Springfield, received

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many and contradictory reports from the Capital, for he took his own way of obtaining information. One night between eleven o'clock and midnight, while I was busy in my study over the papers of the day and evening, a card was brought me, bearing the name 'Mr. Leonard Swett,' and upon it was written, in the well-known hand of General Scott, 'General Stone, Inspector-General, may converse freely with Mr. Swett.' I gave orders for his admission, and a tall gentleman of marked features entered my room. At first I thought that Mr. Lincoln himself was present, so much, at first glance, did Mr. Swett's face resemble the portraits I had seen of Mr. Lincoln, and so nearly did his height correspond with that attributed to the President-elect. But I quickly found that the gentleman's card bore his true name, and that Mr. Swett had come directly from Mr. Lincoln, having his full confidence, to see for him the state of affairs in Washington, and report back to him in person. * * *

"As President Lincoln approached the capital, it became certain that desperate attempts would be made to prevent his arriving there. To be thoroughly informed as to what might be expected in Baltimore, I directed a detective to be constantly near the Chief of Police and to keep up relations with him; while two others were instructed to watch independent and without knowledge of the Chief of Police. The officer who was near the Chief of Police reported regularly, until near the last, that there was no danger in Baltimore, but the others discovered a band of desperate men plotting for the destruction of Mr. Lincoln during his passage through the city, and by affiliating with them, these detectives got at the details of the plot. Mr. Lincoln passed through Baltimore in advance of the time announced for the journey in accordance with advice given by me to Mr. Seward and which was carried by Mr. Frederick Seward to Mr. Lincoln."

Mr. Lincoln, in December, 1864, related to Benjamin J. Lossing the circumstances of his trip to Washington, at the time of the inauguration. He said:

"I arrived at Philadelphia on the twenty-first. I agreed to stop one night, and on the following morning hoist the flag over Independence Hall. In the evening there was a great crowd when I received my friends at the Continental Hotel. Mr. Judd, a warm, personal friend from Chicago, sent for me to come to his room. I went, and found there Mr. Pinkerton, a skillful police

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detective, also from Chicago, who had been employed for some days in Baltimore, watching and searching for suspicious persons there. Pinkerton informed me that a plan had been laid for my assassination, the exact time I expected to come through Baltimore being publicly known. He was well informed as to the plan, but did not know that the conspirators would have pluck enough to execute it. He urged me to go right through to Washington that night. I did not like that. I had made arrangements to visit Harrisburg and go from there to Baltimore, and had resolved to do so. * * * When I was making my way back to my room through crowds of people, I met Frederick W. Seward. We went together to my room, when he told me that he had been sent at the instance of his father and General Scott, and informed me that *their detectives* in Baltimore had discovered the plot there to assassinate me. They knew nothing of Pinkerton's movements. I now believed such a plot to be in existence."

The change in the programme of the journey occurred at Harrisburg at a dinner on the night of the twenty-first, which was presided over by Governor Curtin, and the circumstances are told by Alexander K. McClure, in a paper to the "Clover Club," of Philadelphia. It seems that General Scott and Mr. Seward, being for some reasons alarmed at the continuance by Mr. Lincoln of the original plan of his journey, sent a dispatch to Governor Curtin, which was received at the dinner over which he was presiding at Harrisburg. I give the language of Mr. McClure:

"While all were intent on the enjoyment of a dinner, with the new president as the central figure of the feast, a message was brought by a servant and quietly handed to Governor Curtin. The mere interruption of presenting a message to the Governor in his own capital attracted no special attention; but when the smile fled, and a sudden cloud of despair fixed itself upon his face, there was ominous silence and painful suspense around the table before a word was spoken. Mr. Lincoln was among the first to note that a shadow had been suddenly flung upon the circle, and he did not conceal his anxiety to learn the cause. The truth was soon made known by Governor Curtin. The message he had received was a joint one from General Winfield Scott and Senator Seward, who had already been designated as premier of the new administration, and it notified the Governor that Mr. Lincoln could not pass through Baltimore alive on the following day, and

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peremptorily commanded a change of route and programme to save the life of the President-elect.

"It is needless to say that the occasion was no longer one of festivity. The solemnity of the funeral quickly enthroned itself where there had been pleasant converse and welcome wit but a moment before. All but one of the dozen or more men present seemed utterly appalled, and that one was Abraham Lincoln. While every other face was pale with apprehension, he maintained the same sober, sad expression that he had exhibited from the beginning, and as usual he said nothing until all the others had spoken and he was personally appealed to for his views. One by one, beginning with Governor Curtin, gave pointed expression to the judgment that Mr. Lincoln's route and programme must be changed, and that it must be done without publicity. The silence of Mr. Lincoln had hardly been noted until all but himself had spoken, in the intensity of their feelings; and then, as if suddenly called to the recollection of the presence of the man who was the decreed victim of the assassin, all turned to him for counsel. Even when personally appealed to, he seemed reluctant to answer; but, when pressed to acquiesce in the unanimous judgment of his friends, he said, with scarcely a tremor in his clear voice: 'What would the people think of their ruler stealing into his capital like a thief in the night?' He seemed to think little of the peril to his life, but he thought much of the peril of forfeiting the respect of the nation. Mr. Lincoln's unwillingness to assent to a change of route and programme brought the dinner-guests to face a new duty. Instead of suggesting, one by one, they followed Governor Curtin in commanding, and the President-elect was notified that the time and manner of pursuing his journey to Washington had passed beyond his discretion, and that he must defer to such measures as could be devised for his safety. He silently acquiesced; but his was the only face at the table that was not blanched with fear. Colonel (Thomas A.) Scott, the keenest of all in perception, and the boldest to execute, at once proposed a new route and programme, and suggested all its details. His plan was promptly and gratefully accepted, and Mr. Lincoln himself seemed to share the general sense of relief when Colonel Scott's programme was settled. The first duty was to avoid even the suspicion outside that the route or time of the President had been changed. To mislead the vast crowd that

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surrounded the hotel, a carriage was ostentatiously called for Governor Curtin and President Lincoln, and they walked out together, entered the carriage, and ordered the driver to take them to the Executive Mansion. This was a natural proceeding, and attracted no attention; but the Executive Mansion was not the destination of the two distinguished executives. Before they had started, Colonel Scott and myself hastened to the Pennsylvania Railroad depot, where he promptly cleared one of his tracks to Philadelphia, gave some confidential instructions by telegraph to a trusted agent in West Philadelphia, had a special engine and car made ready, and then I saw him personally superintend the cutting of every telegraph line that entered Harrisburg. By the time that was accomplished, a carriage stopped near the depot where there were no brilliant rays of gas-light, and the Governor and the President-elect, who had driven circuitously to the depot, alighted. Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lamon entered the special car, and they were soon whirling along on their way to the City of Brotherly Love."

It is fortunate for the nation that the solution of this question, so fraught with the gravest consequences, among others, fell upon two such men as Thomas A. Scott and Alexander K. McClure. The writer heard Mr. Lincoln say in the fall of 1864, after a protracted interview with him, and after Mr. McClure had left, that he had more brain power than any man he had ever known, and everybody who knew Thomas A. Scott knows that he saw the intricacies and the solution of any complicated question, at a glance, as accurately as most men see them in afterthought. He was the brightest, quickest, and promptest man of his time.

Pinkerton had been left at Philadelphia to arrange matters there, in case an emergency should arise. As the special from Harrisburg would arrive before the train for Washington would leave, Mr. Pinkerton received Mr. Lincoln and Colonel Lamon at the depot, with a private carriage, and drove about the city, until it was time for the train to start for Washington. The party then took the rear car, the last half of which, divided off by a curtain, had been engaged by Pinkerton's lady, for a sick brother, and Mr. Lincoln, Mr. Lamon, Mr. Pinkerton, and the lady, occupied this part of the sleeper for the journey.

They left Philadelphia about eleven o'clock. Not a soul except the four people in the rear end of the car, and the few at the

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dinner party at Harrisburg, knew that Mr. Lincoln had left that city or was on his way to Washington.

He could not, of course, take a large number of persons with him without attracting attention and betraying his presence, and therefore reduced his arrangements for defense upon that journey to the smallest possible compass, by the selection of Ward H. Lamon as his only companion. Lamon was a native of Virginia, who had come to Danville, Illinois, at an early day, and for many years had practiced law as the partner of Lincoln, on the circuit at that place. He was all over a Virginian, and strong, stout, and athletic—a Hercules in stature, tapering from his broad shoulders to his heels, and the handsomest man, physically, I ever saw. He was skilled in all the ways of the manly art, thirty-four years of age, six feet high, and, although prudent and cautious, was thoroughly courageous and bold. He wore that night two ordinary pistols, two Derringers, and two large knives. You could put no more elements of attack or defense in a human skin than there were in Lamon and his armory on that occasion.

Mr. Lincoln selected him for this place because the two were wholly unlike, and each admired in the other qualities he himself did not possess. Lincoln knew the shedding the last drop of blood in his defense would be the most delightful act of Lamon's life, and, that in him, he had a regiment, armed and drilled for the most efficient service.

Having taken possession of the rear end of their car, the conductor was handed a package of papers, for which he had been instructed by telegram to wait. It is not true that Lincoln wore a Scotch cap or used any other mode of disguise. All the persons accompanying him were dressed in ordinary dress, and went simply as private citizens.

They arrived at Baltimore at three o'clock and waited there, because of some ordinary detention, about two hours. Before the train left, workmen began to come around, and one was heard to say, with expletives, that "Old Lincoln is coming here to-day, but I don't believe he will get through alive." Mr. Lincoln laughed heartily at the remark, and soon the train pulled out, and a little after daylight he reached Washington.

During the rebellion, occasional confirmations crept out as to the existence and real purposes of this conspiracy. Shortly after being appointed marshal of the District of Columbia, Mr. Lamon

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arrested a very bad and notorious man in Washington. This man believed himself to be in danger on account of a political offense he had committed, and was greatly alarmed, and Lamon, whose perceptions were keen and clear, discovered from his conversation that he knew something of moment, and consequently cultivated him, and finally said to him frankly, if he would tell him all he knew he would endeavor to shield him from the charge on which he was arrested. The man did so, and his disclosures confirmed fully the existence of the conspiracy in Baltimore. He named many of the men engaged in it, and stated that the purposes of it were to kill Mr. Lincoln in the riot and confusion created at the depot.

Again, later on in the war, Lamon had occasion to arrest a notorious and dangerous man in Baltimore. The circumstances of his arrest were simply teriffic, but, finally, he was captured, and during his confinement, made to Lamon, a confession of the conspiracy at Baltimore, and named many parties engaged in it. He also said that the purposes of this conspiracy were to kill Mr. Lincoln.

It is doubtful if there was any time during the war, in which there was not in Washington, Baltimore, or in that general vicinity, some conspiracy in existence to capture or injure Mr. Lincoln. On one occasion, in the summer of 1863, if I remember rightly, the writer of this article had occasion, with William H. Hanna, of Bloomington, Ill., to ride to the Soldiers' Home, about four miles from Washington, to call upon Mr. Lincoln in the evening. Our driver missed the way, passing by the Home into the forest below. Being once in the intricacies of this labyrinth, we did not get out until two o'clock in the morning, and the question arose, why the rebels might not send a force across the river, and coming up in the woods to the Soldiers' Home, capture Mr. Lincoln and carry him within the enemy's lines. Mr. Hanna was very much concerned in reference to the situation, and I said to him, "You go and talk with Mr. Lincoln, you are a new man." The subject of his capture or assassination had been discussed until it was a sore subject between Mr. Lincoln and his friends. So, the next day, we got Marshal Lamon, and the three obtained an audience with the President.

"I cannot be shut up in an iron cage and guarded," he said. "If I have business at the War Office, I must take my hat and go

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there ; and if to kill me is within the purposes of this rebellion, no precaution can prevent it. You may guard me at a single point, but I will necessarily be exposed at others. People come to see me every day and I receive them, and I do not know but that some of them are secessionists or engaged in plots to kill me. The truth is, if any man has made up his mind that he will give his life for mine, he can take mine."

We argued that, while this was true, it was his duty to the country not unnecessarily to expose himself, that, there being no guard at the Soldiers' Home, and the condition of the country below as described, it was recklessness upon his part to go there and be there without a guard.

He raised various objections, and finally we said, "Somebody must do something if anything is done. Will you leave it to us three to make such disposition as we think to be prudent, and will you simply acquiesce in what we do ?" Finally, in substance, he assented, and we went to Secretary Stanton and got for him the guard of cavalry, which accompanied him every evening from the White House to the Soldiers' Home, and remained at the Home all night and came in with him in the morning.

Mr. Lamon's official duties embraced the safety of the President, and these facts, with many others, made a deep impression upon his mind. During the fall of 1864, I was a guest at his house nearly three months. During that time he did not sleep at home a single night, but left his house about ten o'clock, went to the White House, and with a guard which he stationed there, and without Mr. Lincoln's knowledge, remained during the night. At the time of the assassination Lamon was, unfortunately, out of the city, and his absence occurred in this wise : Mr. Lincoln had just returned from Richmond, and having inaugurated some steps looking toward the holding of a convention to get that State back into the Union, he asked Lamon, being a Virginian, to go to Richmond and attend this convention. The following is the pass which he gave him :

"Allow the bearer, Ward H. Lamon, and friend, with ordinary baggage, to pass from Washington to Richmond and return.

"A. LINCOLN.

"April 11, 1865."

Lamon said to the President as he separated from him, "Make me one promise."

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"What is that?" said the President, "perhaps I can."

"I want you to promise not to go to the theatre during my absence."

"Well," said he, after some conversation, "I will do the best I can," then turning to John P. Usher, who was present at the interview, he said in substance, "My friend is crazy on the subject of my assassination."

When Mr. Seward first became conscious after the attack upon him, he said, "Where was Colonel Lamon? If he had been in the city this would not have happened." He repeated this remark often afterwards.

But Mr. Lincoln *did go* to the theatre on the night of the eventful fourteenth, and the stealthy tread of the murderer followed him. There was a pistol shot which echoed through the land, louder than the cannon's roar, and a murderous horseman dashed into the night. A tall man, wounded and limp, was carried to the nearest house and stretched upon his bed to die. Men who had faced death where the fire danced along the weird line of battle without blanching, stood around his bed and wept. The blood oozed from his head until it soaked through the bed and dropped from the under side. Towards morning there was a convulsive struggle and the spirit of Abraham Lincoln passed to where the angel at the gate said:

"Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

LEONARD SWETT.

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LIFE AMONG THE INSANE.

THE subjoined article is published as an illustration of the inadequacy of our laws to guard the liberty of citizens suspected of insanity. As the author explains, she was imprisoned nearly thirty years in an asylum, and then discharged with the unanimous declaration of an official board of examining physicians that she was not insane, and had never been insane. EDITOR.

I DO not think any woman in America is better qualified than I to supply the material for a good sermon on insane asylums—for I was locked up in one for twenty-eight years.

During those years I never lost my reason—it is a wonder I did not—and so what I say may be relied upon as being truthful. The authority for my statement that I am not insane is the Committee* on Lunacy of the Board of Public Charities of Pennsylvania, through whose influence, in the summer of 1885, my unjust imprisonment came to an end.

My story is simple. I was put in the asylum for two reasons: the first was that I was extravagant and too fond of dress. What a lot of asylums there would be if all people whose natures were like mine had to be locked up! The other reason was that my family wanted me relieved of the disgrace of being publicly accused of obtaining goods under false representations, by resorting to the insanity defense, which, nowadays, seems reserved for the use of defendants in murder or arson cases.

But to begin. I was born in 1825, and am, therefore, now sixty years old. My father was William Draper Brinckle, a physician, who lived in Girard Row, Philadelphia. My mother died while I was young.

On July 13th, 1857, I was placed in the State Hospital for the Insane at Harrisburg, Penn., on the commitment of two physicians,

* This committee consists of Philip C. Garrett, Philadelphia, Chairman; Henry M. Hoyt, Philadelphia; Thomas G. Morton, M.D., Philadelphia; E. Coppee Mitchell, Philadelphia; W. W. H. Davis, Doylestown; A. J. Ourt, M.D., Philadelphia, Secretary.

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one my father, the other a stranger to me. An excuse, perhaps, for the difficulty in which I became involved was that I had no own mother to guide me. My father, occupied with his professional duties, was of course much away from home, so that I grew up, wandering at my own pleasure. Yet my education was by no means neglected; for I received a thorough training in the ordinary English branches, became quite familiar with the French language, and acquired a thorough knowledge of music.

I was naturally of a gay temperament and inclined to extravagance, and I knew that I had my father, and an uncle who resided in our family, to help me out of possible financial straits. My father's property was invested in the mercantile business of the uncle to whom I have referred. In the year in which I was placed in the asylum there was a general panic in mercantile circles, and my father and uncle were unable to pay my debts.

The particular difficulty in which I became involved was that of buying furniture on part credit, for a parlor which I had rented in the home of two old ladies, distant relatives of my father's family. Their house was small and I had no room for a piano. Having been musically educated it was a great deprivation to me to have no piano; I therefore moved to a larger house in the same neighborhood, securing furnished parlors. Having no use for the furniture which I had purchased for the smaller house, I sold it. This proceeding came to the knowledge of the dealer from whom it had been purchased, and he prosecuted me. Before the time came for my appearance in court I was placed in the asylum. My father was advised to take this course by the late Judge George W. Woodward, then of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. The examination of both physicians was very brief. My father asked me a few simple questions and then took his departure. The late Dr. George McClellan, the other examiner, inquired how I was in bodily health. I complained merely of a slight headache, having no idea that the visit was made with an alleged view of determining my mental condition. He also asked me if I was able to take a journey and where I would like to go. I replied that I was quite able and willing, and would like to go to Long Branch, remembering that my health generally had been much improved on a former occasion at that place. My father subsequently informed me of the purpose of the examination and of the determination to send me to an asylum, explaining to me that he did not think I

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was insane, but that it was all that could be done under the circumstances.

I remember very distinctly that on the way to Harrisburg I did not relish the idea of being classed with lunatics, but Judge Woodward, who accompanied me, represented that it was better than being imprisoned in a jail, and that insanity was after all the bluntest horn of the dilemma, because it preserved family honor. So, on that eventful day, I was led into the presence of Dr. John Curwen, at that time the superintendent of the institution (now in charge of the State Hospital at Warren, Pa.), and Mrs. Cole, its matron. To these people Judge Woodward, in my presence, spoke of my extravagant tendencies; what he said when my back was turned I do not know. He wished me good-bye rather sorrowfully, and I think when he left it was with a little remorse at what he had done.

Everything in the institution was strange to me. I felt that I, as sane a person as any of the attendants, or any one else for that matter, was in the asylum under false pretenses. I make the hint of the distinction between the state of mind of the nurses of the insane, and the state of mind of members of the general community, because my observation convinced me that the nurses at the Harrisburg Hospital, for some reason or other, were not all rational beings. Perhaps it was the contact with mad women. Perhaps the fact that some were promoted to be nurses, first having been patients, made this seem to me true.

They put me in the best ward at first. I found life insupportably dull. The only things that made existence tolerable were music, which I loved passionately, and fancy work, which I liked less because of its monotony. It was a change, however, from the sameness of idling.

My nurses were Susan Spiegelmyer, and Ruth Noble. Susan had had erysipelas, and had lost most of her hair, which afterward grew in very abundantly. An incident happened in connection with Susan's hair that will show the character of the women who were my daily associates. Susan was accustomed to go into her room every night to put her abundant locks in curl papers. In going to her apartment for the purpose named she bumped up against the bed of a patient, invariably waking her up. The patient, who was nervous and irascible, complained every time, but the bumping went on in spite of it. One night

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the patient calmly got of bed as the nurse passed, grabbed one of the curls and tore it out in its entirety and by the roots, leaving a bald spot the size of a dollar, quietly remarking as she did it, "Susan, I don't like the way you do your hair." Susan never bumped that bed again.

At the end of a year in the asylum, under the kindly care of these nurses, an attack of dyspepsia, from which I suffered prior to my incarceration, disappeared. I think the regular way of living and the plain food effected that cure.

In June, 1858, my father came to see me for the first time, and complimented me on my rosy cheeks and generally healthy look. That was all very well, but I wanted to get out, and I told him so. He promised me that if I would wait until the troubles caused by my debts had blown over he would have me released. Then he went away. I never saw him again, and he died four years later. He wrote to me, however, and his letters gave me the impression that my release would be a more difficult matter than I had anticipated. The man who can be said to have managed my detention was Judge Woodward, whose visits to me were frequent.

Referring to the letters written to me by my father reminds me of the matter that he wrote mostly about. Soon after my arrival at the asylum, I met at a picnic given to all the patients a young inmate of good family. He was a son of a judge of one of the upper counties of Pennsylvania, well-bred and entertaining. After meeting several times we became engaged to be married. He was not considered insane, but it seems his family thought the hospital would be a good prescription to cure a certain intemperate disposition with which he was afflicted. He was addicted to the use of wine. My father and Judge Woodward wrote to Dr. Curwen, asking him to put a stop to our meeting. Thereafter, when my affianced and I happened to be going out walking on the same day (he, frequently on parole, without an attendant), he was allowed to go out by the front door and I was smuggled out by the back. The matron had previously smiled upon our engagement, and asked us together to take tea with her. All that was now stopped. All we could do was to correspond, letters being carried to and fro through the kindness of a night watchman. I rarely caught glimpses of the young man. For seven years, however, we wrote letters to each other, and we were all along determined that

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when we both should get out I should become his wife. It was the knowledge of his being near me that made me less active in my efforts to escape. We once arranged that whoever left the asylum first should aid in the efforts of the other to obtain freedom.

My friend was, at the end of the seven years of which I have spoken, removed from the asylum, I think to the Pennsylvania Hospital for the insane in Philadelphia. I do not know whether he is dead, but think that he is. At any rate, I have completely lost trace of him.

These things I remember so vividly because they were, as I said, all I had to relieve the monotony of life. A gentleman who was at one time Consul from Maracaibo, who had been very attentive to me before my incarceration, tried to see me but was not allowed to. He had two women-cousins in the institution. One was an opium eater and the other was insane on religion.

Mrs. Dr. S—— was one of the patients in my ward who gave a great deal of trouble. She was a woman who was subject to fits of great and unusual excitement, and we had to humor her. One day she arranged the hair of a little girl-inmate somewhat differently from the usual style in which we were accustomed to see it. The effect was extremely ridiculous. She asked me if I did not think it a great improvement over the old method. In an unguarded and frank moment I admitted that I did not. I saw her turn pale with rage. I did not think anything of the matter, and walked away from the dining table which we had just risen from, toward my room. Presently there was a whirring sound, and a large dish flew over my head and smashed itself on the floor in front of me. Having missed her aim, the flinger of plates rushed toward me, picking up on her way some of the broken pieces of china. I ran rapidly through the corridor. The first person I stumbled over was little Mrs. H——, an inmate, who always sat at the door of one of the wards, guarding it as she thought. We called her the "Watchwoman." She became frightened and joined me. We sped together to the end of the ward, and barricaded ourselves in a storeroom by piling trunks against the door, and in a few moments our pursuer was captured by an attendant. I saved my life on several other occasions of similar character, by fastening myself in my room as best I could. There were no inside locks on the doors.

Untrained nurses in a hospital for the insane know no more

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about treating insane people than I know about prescribing for a case of fever. The secret of proper conduct toward the insane is *management*. It requires tact. The ex-laundry-woman or factory girl who becomes a nurse cannot understand such a problem as the mind, and when the patient is refractory she can only meet it with brutality. That is wrong. Those who are deprived of reason cannot understand violence, nor has it any good effect on them. They can only turn their poor puzzled eyes in apologetic rebuke to those who assault them, and wonder what it all means. I have seen a patient who had been struck look in surprise at the nurse who struck her, and ask, "Why do you do that? What have I done?" Many patients cannot be made to comprehend that what they do is not right, and violence to them is worse than useless. We may just as well thrash a cripple for limping, or vent our malice upon a blind man because he cannot see.

The only way in which patients can get on the right side of sane nurses is by doing their work for them. They are often expected to help to sweep and clean up. Of course to coerce the insane to do this is criminal. They should be regarded as human beings whose misfortunes entitle them to sympathy and pity, and not as scape-goats and laughing-stocks because of their uselessness to society.

I saw a harmless patient who was sitting listlessly on a heating register attacked and beaten because she would not work. One nurse knocked her down and then called another nurse to her assistance. Together they got a patient afflicted with homicidal mania to join them, and the three pounded the unfortunate creature until she was black and blue. Her brother and husband happened to call and see her that very night, and to them some untrue story of the cause of her bruises was given. They were not satisfied, however, and they removed her.

One of the patients in a ward adjoining mine was one morning found hanging with her head wedged between the transom and the door-frame. She was quite dead. How she had ever got in that position was a mystery. Probably one of her associates helped her up with a chair and then removed it. One of the inmates suggested to a weak-minded companion in an adjoining ward to tie a handkerchief around her (the companion's) neck and to pull it tight. The poor demented creature did as she was told, and it was not until she became very black in the face and was evidently

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suffocating, that her tempter became alarmed and called for help. In doing so she calmly remarked to the nurse: "I have a suspicion that Mrs. So-and-so is trying to kill herself."

One man who was wrongfully placed in the asylum got out. He crossed the Susquehanna River far ahead of his pursuers, who left the hospital in full chase after him. He eluded them, pawned his watch to raise money, rallied his friends around him, and shortly afterward returned to the institution for his clothes—a free man. He had never been insane but was committed to the hospital, through some conspiracy, on the certificate of irresponsible physicians.

During my twenty-eight years' sojourn there, we had four or five fires. One of the most eventful of them happened at night. We all managed to get out. At another fire, Mrs. L——, an inmate and a sister of one of the governors of Pennsylvania, ran away, and for three weeks lived like a tramp in the neighborhood. She was finally caught and brought back. She always insisted that during her absence the birds of the air had fed her, and she could give no other account of herself for the time during which she was missing.

When I was playing a melodeon or doing embroidery, I watched the peculiarities of those around me. One thought that all those in the ward were her dead relatives, and she would address them by name. She believed a fellow patient to be her deceased sweetheart. During lucid intervals she was conscious of her delusion, and laughed at herself as heartily as any.*

Mary ——, a patient from Carlisle, who was admired for her self-possession, smiling face, and quiet demeanor, took up a chair, one morning, and attacked an attendant with it. The latter eluded her, and the chair went against the wall with so much force as to break the plaster. She was tired of life, and thought that if she killed some one she would be hanged for it. One woman, a German, insisted on calling me Madame Lind, and wanted me to sing.

A victim like myself was a Mrs. Z——, who, with her baby, was in the hospital. I knew her well and was certain that she was not insane. Her husband was thriftless, she sued him for support, and he, out of revenge, put her in the asylum. Her friends

* Another had an invariable answer for all the iniquities she heard of—"The fiery furnace is waiting for them;" and, as she said it, the glittering expression of her black eyes was extremely wicked, and gave her auditors a sense of unrest.

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soon applied to the court and she was liberated. A patient had to be tied to her bed to prevent her from hanging her feet out of the window. Mrs. B——, an inmate, while every one was at supper, got a match, set fire to herself, and was burned to death. That was her mania.

I do not think the nurses behaved with propriety in removing the remains of dead patients. They made a frolic of the occasion. The poor, half-witted wards of the State remarked upon the disrespect with which the clay of their dead comrades was treated. It was in much the same manner that patients were moved from one ward to another.

My observing powers were concentrated during my stay on such persons as these: One man who had cut his throat; a murderess of her own child; a woman who had been a nurse and who killed an infant under her care; a woman who had severed her child's jugular vein; another who had killed her husband; one who became insane through accidentally killing her child, and any number of patients with suicidal mania.

Some lunatics seem to live in a world of their own. An old lady once astonished and amused us by exclaiming, without any warning or provocation, "Two cats and the bird of paradise are waiting to convey you to your heavenly home, and you are to sit for nine days between the cats and the bird of paradise." Then she stopped, and forgot that she had said anything. It was like an alarm clock suddenly going off, startling every one by its unexpected meddling with what is going on, and ceasing just as quietly and surprisingly. A patient lived in the bath-room, and made friends with the rats (they were numerous), for whom she had a great affection. They would actually do what they were told. Some one else thought she was the wife of President Buchanan, and had the hallucination that her husband frequently ran a locomotive through Washington Avenue, Philadelphia, with a big bonnet in front of it, to remind her of the annoying fact that in her young days she had been a milliner.

There was a Mrs. W——, in one of the back wards, who was injured for life by a patient. One of her delusions was that she had enjoyed herself in previous years riding on the back of a dolphin at Cape May.

I am happy to certify that during the entire period of my incarceration I personally received mild and courteous treatment

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from the superior officers of the institution, as well as from the attendants. Possibly it was the conviction on their part that I was not insane which induced the attendants especially to avoid imposing upon me. Altercations with patients are, of course, frequent from the very nature of their maladies, and the position of a nurse or attendant in an insane asylum is a very trying one. It requires great patience and force of character, accompanied by a high order of intelligence. No two cases are alike. I have seen those who were insane every other day, others every other month, or every other year. Some were apparently in full possession of their faculties, though sunk in deep melancholy; while others varied from periods of intense excitement to moments of sadness amounting almost to stupor.

In the fall of 1884 a notice, which the new law required, was posted up in our ward, telling us that if we had any grievances, we could write freely about them to the Committee on Lunacy of the Board of Public Charities. Before I had time to avail myself of that opportunity of getting a hearing, I was taken very ill and was too weak to do anything for some time. When I recovered I found that the patients had torn up and otherwise destroyed the printed law the committee had had posted up; and I did not remember the name of any gentleman upon it. Fortunately Miss Annie Drinker, a convalescent, recollected the name of the medical member of the committee, and wrote to him on September 27th, 1884. We waited for weeks, expecting a reply or a visit, but none came. It appears that the letter miscarried. We did nothing until December 31st, 1884, when we wrote again. That letter reached the committee, and my appeal for liberty was at once looked into. On March 16th, 1885, I sent a letter to Dr. A. J. Ourt, secretary of the committee, and shortly afterwards I was visited by him, Dr. Morton, and Mr. Philip C. Garrett, chairman of the committee. Soon after this the committee fully investigated my case and ordered my immediate release, and I was allowed to go free. As my means were limited (my board had been always paid out of funds left to me), and as I hardly knew what to do, I went to the Convalescents' Retreat, Glen Mills, Pennsylvania, where I now am.

I do not think my story can create in the mind of the reader any but the one impression—that I am a wronged woman, and that there has been something amiss in the system of dealing with those alleged to be insane.

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No one, it appears, is now responsible for my incarceration. My counsel informs me that an action will not lie against the State or the hospital authorities, as my commitment was made in due form of law. Apart from this, all those who procured my incarceration have long since died. My release came about solely under the operation of the new lunacy law of Pennsylvania, and the zealous efforts of the gentlemen whose duty it is to carry the law (of May, 1883,) into effect.

Before the law was passed, appeals from inmates of an insane asylum generally fell upon dull and unheeding ears. The only method of release legally provided was an application to a court of law. In the absence of outside friends this was practically impossible.

The law requires the Committee on Lunacy to personally examine the complaint of every asylum inmate, and since the investment of its power and authority, others, who, like myself, seemed doomed to a living death, have been freed from their bonds, and have been once more established in the society from which they were so cruelly removed. At their knock, the door of every asylum, public or private, within the broad confines of this State, must open. At their command the shackles on every lunatic must be loosed, and the blackness of the dark cell has been made to give place to light and air. Handcuffs, straight-jackets, balls and chains, iron rings, and all other such relics of barbarism, are things of the past in Pennsylvania.

To the gentlemen of this committee I am, under a gracious Providence, forever indebted that, after more than a quarter of a century, and at the age of sixty years, I am once more free. Even for this much I thank *Him* in whose unfailing love, in the darkest hours of my trial, I never lost faith.

There are some who, while not responsible at all for my early incarceration, have assisted from time to time in restraining or opposing my efforts to be free. They are, unlike my poor parent, yet among the living. For them I have no unkind word here. Suffering has softened all feeling of hate. Twenty-eight cruel years of torture have swallowed up the natural resentment of a once proud spirit. I leave them to Him, who for some wise reason visited chastisement upon one of His humble creatures, and who now in His own good time has opened to her the gate of mercy.

ADRIANA P. BRINCKLÉ.

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LITERARY BACKBITING.

La Harpe called Shakespeare a "coarse flatterer of the vulgar herd." About two hundred years earlier, Robert Greene, a fellow dramatist, described him as "an upstart crow beautified with our feathers"—meaning plumage borrowed from writers supposed to be his betters; and also as being, "in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a country."

Familiar words! If we were to accept them for truth, we should have to set Shakespeare down as not only a base panderer to those from whom he expected to draw profit, but also a wretched impostor in literature. Even were his reputed authorship of the plays conclusively transferred to Bacon, the case would hardly be improved, so far as the charge of flattery is concerned. Hugo, commenting on these two efforts of detraction, says: "That everything should be perpetually re-examined, that everything should be contested, even the incontestible—what does it matter? . . . Genius, being truth and liberty, has a claim to persecution. . . . Anything admits of being written. Paper is very patient." But it is not genius alone which enjoys this right to be persecuted. The honest, workaday writers who toil hard, molest no one, and never pose as geniuses, are equally subject to the attacks of petty malice and incompetent disdain. And so—paper still retaining its quality of imperturbable patience—we are treated in these latter days to a vicious and unveracious assault upon a number of New York authors, who are characterized as an organized band of humbugs, leagued together for the purpose of mutual inflation, insincere praise, and the foisting of valueless books upon the public. We are told that they are "pinchbeck idols," "brummagem gods," "hucksters," "peddlers of spurious wares," "parasites." But we are not told who these objectionable and repulsive creatures or images are. The writer of the extraordinary outburst here referred to contents himself with apparently intimating that they

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are persons who were mentioned in a magazine article published several months ago. With a vagueness even more Sibylline, he affirms that among us there are many good and true men—real authors—who remain in the background, and do not advertise themselves; but the privilege of hearing their names is also denied us. Why? Is it because the writer, as one of them, objects to advertising his own name? He declares that it is time for the good and true men to handle the impostors without gloves. It might be well to add that they should also make their attack without masks.

Whatever the reason may be, this individual prefers to deal in generalities. That is the safer position for him. It is much easier for one who maligns to be impressive, to fulminate awe-inspiringly, when he avoids particulars. He is thus enabled to make himself as terrifying as the wire and cloth dragon in *Siegfried*, with lashings of the tail, effected by jerks of a cord, breath of steam from veritable pipes, and a roar simulated by windy trumpets in the stage wings. The roar of loudest sound, in this instance, is directed against an imaginary institution, described as a "puffing club," which is supposed to have branches in New York and London. I think every genuine literary workman in New York, who perused the account of this institution, must have been struck with amazement—either at his own ignorance in not having hitherto known that such a club existed, or else at the ignorance of the essayist who could believe it existed. For my own part, it would seem hardly worth while to notice such a statement, except for the fact that the man who makes it offers a gross and wanton insult to the whole literary guild in New York. He proceeds to outline a theory which he puts forth as a summary of fact, to this purport, that the literary world of the town—so far as the town has one—is dominated by a clique of mediocre writers; men without merit in their profession, who have brought themselves into notice by resorting to the lowest devices of advertising. These men, he says, are writers of indifferent poems, of weak prose fiction, of histories that are not histories. Sometimes they are editors of magazines, sometimes newspaper critics. The critics praise certain works, expecting that the men who wrote them will, at the first opportunity, praise something which the critics themselves may publish. The contributors to magazines, and the

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writers of books, flatter the editors and laud their compositions, in order to secure the acceptance of manuscripts which they themselves intend to offer for publication. In this way, he explains, the members of "the clique"—O, term of fearful fascination to the ears of the soured and the suspicious!—exchange compliment after compliment, and pile eulogy upon eulogy, until the credulous public is persuaded that these fraudulent scribblers are of some importance.

Any one who makes charges of this kind is, of course, mentally and morally opaque, impenetrable by the light of truth. If his charges be answered, he exclaims: "You see the excitement I have caused; therefore what I said must be true!" If his insinuations be decently interred in silence, he dances upon the grave, insists upon exhuming his own infamy, and declares that the neglect to which his calumnies were consigned is positive proof that he was right. Therefore such a person is unworthy, so far as he is concerned, of consideration or argument. But it is of some importance that, when false statements have been made, we should ask a few questions and review a few facts, in order to define the boundary between malicious perversion and sane perception.

How is it that the honest men of letters who do not belong to "the clique" fail to exert their power by destroying its influence? Is it possible that true merit is so weak, so colorless, that it cannot be recognized or remembered? Is the mass of intelligent readers really given over to the dictation of a few impotent mountebanks, who force them to buy and read that which they do not want? And, if readers really are such *fainéants*, how can they be intelligent? By what sorcery are commonplace books "floated into circulation" upon "a flood of panegyric?" Every publisher in the land will tell you that no amount of favorable notice in the magazines, the reviews, the journals, will make a book "go," unless the people decide for themselves that they want it. On the other hand, books which are neglected or maltreated by the critics—books which are not immoral or sensational, but are condemned merely as uninteresting, or as deficient in literary art—frequently secure an enormous popular success, and sometimes win esteem by fresh literary qualities which the critics had failed to appreciate. The power attributed to the imaginary confederation of literary *claqueurs* is not theirs to control, even if they

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wanted to use it. They may be Jupiters to the skulking eye of the pseudonymous assailant; but they are Jupiters without the thunderbolts which he assigns to them.

Apparently, he has been led away by an impetuous ambition to rival Mr. Churton Collins's recent attack on Mr. Gosse and a supposed "ring" of authors and reviewers in England. What the condition of affairs may be as to "literary log-rolling" in England, I do not know. I am sorry to see that Mr. Andrew Lang has advanced a plea, as it appears, for favoritism, or at least for glossing over the faults or weaknesses of one's friends when they have written books. No one who maintains a high standard of duty or rectitude in fulfilling the functions of a critic, however humble, can subscribe to a rule which exempts his friends from candid and impartial treatment. A writer may be pardoned for speaking of what he has himself experienced, in connection with this topic; and I therefore feel at liberty to say that I have never heard this doctrine of leniency advocated by reputable men of letters in New York or Boston, although I have seen a good deal of literary people in both these places during the last sixteen years. Nor have I ever known it to be put in practice here by writers possessing influence or respectability. But the pseudonymous reviewer has read Mr. Collins's anonymous attack on Mr. Gosse and the London "ring"; and, feeling that it is not well for him to be behindhand with the fashion, he has imported Mr. Collins's idea into this country. If a ring exists in London, there is one in New York; or, if there isn't, there ought to be; and he proceeds to make one out of shreds and patches put together according to his fancy.

Unless I be completely in error, there is no literary or artistic club whatever with branches in England and this country, except a little social circle which I mentioned in "The Literary Movement in New York," published in *Harper's Monthly* for October, 1886. It looks to me very much as if the dragon who snorts at the clique of his own imagining had seized upon the allusion which I there made to the Kinsmen, and had at once constructed from it—in the steam-pipes and wire coils of his interior economy—the "puffing club," which he boldly projects as a reality. Now the Kinsmen form an association that grew up at hap-hazard. Half the members do not even know the other half, never have met them, have not exchanged letters, and take no personal

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interest in them. When a few members are together, on either side of the Atlantic, they meet for a dinner or a breakfast, if it can be arranged. Generally it cannot be arranged, because the various men are too busy. All of them whom I know are entirely too busy to spend time in puffing either themselves or others. The meetings have occurred about once a year. So vanishes that particular jet of steam from the dragon's mouth.

We have not alone the testimony of magazine editors to the fact that they judge contributions on their merits. We have also the testimony of the magazines themselves. New writers, utterly unheard of before, constantly appear in the tables of contents, and sometimes they make a great success. If they do, they get to be in demand. A magazine is a business enterprise, and is governed by the laws of competition. The magazine must consult its own interest, and its interest is to please and hold the public. Everybody must go to the wall who cannot serve that interest. It may be that I, for example, am a brummagem god, in the opinion of somebody; but even that distinction does not secure me access to the magazines. About twice as many of my manuscripts were rejected, in the first nine years of my experience, as those which were accepted. Many trained writers of ability, after working for years, find that their manuscripts are now returned from magazines for which they have written before. The circumstance that they can sell them somewhere else proves no prejudice in the first instance. They simply did not find the right market at once. The needs of each magazine are constantly varying. As one who has been at sundry times editor, contributor, and critic, I may, perhaps, say, without offense, that I have never encountered the "ring" system, nor been able to see its effects. I have heard a great deal about it; and I was once informed, by two excellent friends of mine, that I stood in a very satisfactory position, because I was part of a certain "clique." To my surprise I learned that this clique was composed of persons who, as I supposed, from all indications, were indifferent and, perhaps, even hostile to me and to my writings; persons whom for several years I had not seen, and with whom I held little or no communication. From the extraordinary misapprehension of the two friends just mentioned, and from many other facts which have fallen under my observation, I conclude that rings and cliques are largely chimerical.

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It is said that a writer—presumably one of the "good and true men"—who published an adverse review of a story in verse, by a magazine editor, found that he was never able, afterwards, to get any of his manuscripts printed in that magazine. It would be pertinent to inquire, whether the magazine had ever accepted anything of his before that time. It would also be apt, could we learn whether the manuscripts which he sent were of a kind adapted to that particular publication. It is easy to manufacture these imaginary grievances. I have seen a hundred opportunities for doing it myself; but, having learned something of the perplexities of editing periodicals, as well as the perplexities of contributing to them, I have found that arrant injustice is done by yielding to the temptation to theorize, and that he who does so follows a will-o'-the-wisp which leads him into the mire. An example of this is supplied by an individual who is enraged because the portraits of some literary laborers and journalists appeared in the frontispiece of *Harper's Monthly*, as parts of a group in an interior of the Authors Club. The frontispiece had no significance whatever, except as a representation of the club-rooms, and a few *habitués*, who were asked to sit for their portraits together, but had no idea that their names were to be printed under the engraving. Nevertheless, the enraged person constructs a theory that it was meant to be a sort of "Shakespeare and His Friends." Such a theory can emanate only from the mind of a natural vulgarian; a vulgarian who makes himself infinitely absurd and contemptible at the very moment when he fancies that he is making others so by mocking at them.

Editors and authors resemble human beings in other walks of life, by having their likes and dislikes. In two or three cases I have noticed that antipathies have broken off relations between contributors and editors; and there can be no doubt that injustice is occasionally done. But, in the main, I am persuaded that the effort to be impartial and conscientious far outweighs the occasional injustice or the unconscious prejudice. For the most part American authors and editors are not only fair and generous; they are also sensitive about acknowledging or even recognizing anything that resembles a bid for favors in return. I know an editor who refuses to give to a member of his own family, who conducts another periodical, news about the publication under his charge, although the same news is given to other periodicals. I

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have known another editor whose wife offered manuscripts to the magazine on which he was employed; he declined even to look at her manuscripts until they had been passed upon and accepted, or rejected, by the other editors. I am intimately acquainted with a writer, B., who announced to another writer, C.—a friend of twelve years' standing—that their acquaintance was at an end, because B. had heard that this other writer, C., had accused him of reviewing C.'s work favorably, in order to obtain similar notices for himself.

It has chanced to me, many times, that I have had to write and publish my brief opinions upon the works of friends and enemies. I have been obliged to censure my friends, on occasion; and I have repeatedly praised and recommended in print the writings of my personal enemies—those with whom I was not on speaking terms. This being so, it may fairly be inferred that others, placed in a similar position, have acted in the same way. The author of the diatribe which furnishes me a text is, naturally, incapable of comprehending such a situation or of understanding upright motives. He reminds one of that distinguished comedian, William Warren's, impersonation of the country legislator, Jefferson Scattering Batkins, who was always talking of "these Boston *clinks*" in the legislature. But the general public, which our new Batkins supposes to be so easily befooled has, I think, good sense and fairness enough to grasp the real situation.

There is certainly no excuse for "literary log-rolling." It is a detestable offense. But the censor of that crime—who so freely attributes it to a body of writers whom he has condemned without trial, without a hearing, without even a summons—has omitted to mention another malefaction at least equal in magnitude, of which he himself is guilty. I mean the crime of literary backbiting. The man who assails authors with distorted, dishonorable, and untruthful aspersions, under cover of mask and cloak, convicts himself of a dastardly deed, far more despicable than the extremest complaisance of mutual admiration. A pseudonymuncule of this sort, who goes up and down concealing his identity, carries a corpse inside his coat. It is the corpse of his own dead self-respect.

There are too many of these lifeless effigies in our universe. There are too many of these shameless advertisers of their own

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old particular brand of mental bitters. Although, after long search and much exploration in the thorny paths of authorship, I have been unable to discover the propitious ring which we are occasionally assured exists, I have encountered, in glimpses, a dark saturnine ring of telescopic detractors. It operates dimly and at a distance. You can see it if you employ a lens of sufficient power to bring its baleful insignificance into view. The best astronomers have decided that the dark ring of Saturn "consists of multitudes of small satellites, mixed with vaporous matter, and traveling in flat flights around the central orb." This description corresponds almost exactly to the dark ring of literary backbiters. They execute the most terrible vengeances—in the air. They assassinate, they garrote or chloroform those of whom they are needlessly and foolishly envious—at a distance. By a curious conversion of ideas, these saturnine particles fancy that they are destroying and murdering flesh and blood creatures, while they are merely obscuring and extinguishing themselves.

Still, it is well to know of this dark ring, in order to avoid being insensibly governed by it. If the standard set up by these particles is to be applied to literary men; namely, that no author is to speak well of another—be he friend or foe—without incurring suspicion of interested motives; the same standard must be applied in all other relations of human life. Then, if you have a friend, and you speak well of him to any one in conversation, it must be assumed that you do so because you expect your friend to speak well of you on a future occasion. Then, too, if you have an enemy, and you speak well of him, it will presumably be for the reason that you wish to placate and truckle to him. No room will be left for honesty, integrity, dignity, fairness. Everything you may say or do will be open to the interpretation of being actuated by a mean and selfish motive. Let us, therefore, refuse to be ruled or influenced by the dark ring of Saturn. Let us thoughtfully and considerately usher all literary backbiters to the pit, which they so industriously dig for themselves. Let us not hearken to what Tennyson calls the "vermin voices" of gossip, which clamor to make the most ignoble view of life and conduct prevail. If we take these precautions, there will be some chance for decency, faith, and honor to progress gradually, as they are now doing.

GEORGE PARSONS LATHROP.

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

I.

ASSUMPTION AND PRETENSION.

MAN'S foremost object is, apparently, to make himself seem something else than he actually is. Throughout the world, the rill wants to be a river, and the goose-pond a sea. Adaptation to existing circumstances is wilfully subjected to the conjuring of that which is beyond grasp. No station, no position, seems congenial or satistactory, and there is a universal strife and rivalry in reaching out after the useless and the unattainable. The laborer wants to be tradesman, the tradesman wants to be knight, the knight wants to be king, and the king mourns and laments because there are no grades above him.

Birth, of course, is a matter of accident, and many a man fit to wear a crown is born in some wood-chopper's hut, just as many a hand which sways a sceptre could drive an awl better. Yet, in the main, the most of us come into life in the station to which we are best suited ; and, if chance orders it otherwise, the man who is worthy of a higher place can lift himself into it.

Every man has a right to make himself something better than he is, but no man has a right to claim honor and credit which are not due him. The time which a man wastes in trying to force the world to accept him for something which he is not, would, if properly used and economized, enable him to make himself something higher and better than that which he is trying to seem. But there is, instead, too often, a misuse of energy and a misapplication of endeavor. Teaching and training are somewhat at fault in this, because many parents have an unwholesome readiness toward assuring their children that there is no other sphere or department in life which is quite so lamentable as the one into which they are born. And so discontent is germinated and nurtured until it becomes the rankest weed in the garden of life.

With discontent comes tendencies toward imitation. But no man can be anything else than that which he is. The ox can never be a horse, nor the hawk an eagle—however much these humble creatures may strive to perform the vocations of those above them. Imitation, at best, is but a silly thing, and assumption is the degradation next to it ; and he who tries to seem a prince, when he is a boor, is about the only person in the world who does not see through the sham.

The ignorant get the most satisfaction out of pretense, because the ignorant man alone can make a thorough fool of himself, unconsciously. The wiser the man, the more fully he knows that deceit will not always stand him in stead ; and the *savant* who is worthy of the name had rather seem nine-tenths less, rather than one-tenth more, than he is. Very few, however, are great enough wholly to avoid assumption in some particular and in some degree.

No man who has never been a peasant can appreciate the feelings of peasants ; and no man who has never been king can understand a king's emotions, except

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superficially and imperfectly. A vine-dresser and a chemist can scarcely regard grape-juice from the same point of view. One cannot become a wit by the appropriation of a jester's cap and bells. To know the duties of a prelate, one must be a prelate. Hypothetical knowledge and precept count for but little; example is all that illuminates and disentangles. Assuming to feel that which one has never felt, and to know that which one has never known, is the most dangerous and reckless thing in the world; and yet pretense is so common, so nearly general, that to criticise one's neighbor is to invite criticism upon one's self. The impossibility of doing a mechanic's work without first learning the mechanic's trade is a foregone conclusion; and yet a boor dons a gentleman's habiliments, and tries, by the sheer force of insistance, to prove that he has the right to style himself gentleman.

Few, if any, ever make the most of their possibilities and opportunities. Chance throws something in a man's very hands, but instead of closing them over it, and holding fast to that which the fates have sent, he lets it go, and contents himself with pretense rather than possession. Professional men, who in this respect have the advantage over individuals in private life, receive praise and adulation for acquirements of which they are wholly innocent. But the worst of the weakness is not in this direction; men do not assume so much concerning their own sphere as they do concerning some other department of life which is considered higher and more honorable.

This, of course, is truest of babblers and the purely mediocre. A person of rare attainments seldom cares what estimate the world places on him. It may, as it pleases, call him great, or slight; he is wholly content in either case. Conscious of his power and capacity, the verdict of the world falls on him lightly. This is a kind of self-consciousness which is commendable. It is not vanity, for it has no outward expression—except in the case of some artist, and then only through legitimate channels. Not to know one's self is like walking with the prisoner's clog at one's ankle; there is a drag on everything, freedom in nothing. The greatest poets, painters, and players know their exact brain-capacity, and use it. Victor Hugo, and Ivan Turgienieff were masters of themselves before they were masters of their art. They are masters of life and of reason. There is philosophy, religion, poetry, in every line they write. All is genuine, all is immortal which they propound, and both will yet be accepted as great leaders and great teachers. There is no pretense in them, because there is nothing for them to pretend, even if their's had been, as they were not, base natures. To them, the eternal and the internal is all that life holds. The external is nothing. This makes substance of all, shadow of nothing. In such living, one speaks to the world and of the world — not with the world; like a sphinx, propounding truths which no man can answer. It is the voice of a prophet, speaking to the hearing, and yet the speechless.

GEORGE SAND.

II.

SCIENTIFIC TAXATION.

THE great injustice, not to say utter rottenness, of the whole system of American taxation, is leading, just now, to much discussion, and to a demand for reform. The discussion is very superficial. But no other question before the people, or that can be put before them, is of such immediate practical importance. Stupid and inequitable taxation, direct and indirect, may be charged with most of the ills, and most of the crimes that curse modern civilization. By taking "from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned," to use the words of Jefferson, such taxation has defeated what he declared necessary to make Americans "a happy and prosperous people." Our country is full of tax thimbleriggers on the one hand,

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and tax dodgers on the other; and these are the two most "dangerous classes" that now threaten the United States with dry-rot or revolution.

Thimblerig taxation is indirect, and the masses of mankind are only just beginning to open their patient ox-eyes wide enough to see it at all. American thimblerig taxation results chiefly from monopolies of the currency, the tariff, and of transportation—the watered stock of the latter, for instance, costing the people such an impost, more or less, as the "railway kings" are permitted by law to levy on their four thousand millions of dollars in fictitious capital.

But direct taxation, of the right kind, would do much, if not all, to kill indirect taxation, and to extinguish our worst monopolies.

We talk much of "science" in this "advanced age." While we are exclaiming for tax reform, suppose we stop a moment and *think*. The moment may be used up, to be sure, without getting out a newspaper, or making a cent in cash down. But, among the sciences, is there not somewhere the science of taxation?

The very question will, of course, make a ward politician thirsty for something "practical," and cause a sneer to bloom on the nose of an average "statesman." But shall we ever get on much farther with American welfare until we consider it?

Recent political economy, supplemented by patient research into the property systems of ancient times, has put a new face on the whole subject of taxation. Our theory in the United States has been that taxation should be as light as possible, and should defray nothing beyond the necessary expenses of government—a theory derived mainly from the rich, aristocratic land-owners of England, who have always shaped British legislation just as closely to their own exclusive money-bags as could be done. But this whole theory is now found to be simply a gross imposition upon society, resulting in the one fundamental monopoly of the world. For, in ancient times, the capital of nations (which was chiefly land) was regarded as the common stock of citizens, and was either held and worked by government, as under Egyptian despotism, or was periodically redistributed, according to population, as under Hebrew democracy. European feudalism gave the domains of the various states to military chieftains, from whom was exacted, in return, the maintenance of government and the support of the common people. But democracy arose, and broke, not only the bonds which held the common people to the lands they had tilled, but broke also the support that had been guaranteed with their toil. The barons took the lands, and the serfs were left out in the cold of naked freedom. Then, as the emancipated serfs built up modern industry, the barons went into the business of legislation. They legislated away the people's old, recognized right in the natural wealth of each generation. Next they legislated off their own former duties and taxes, as far as possible, and put on rising industry all the government expenses they could make it bear.

"The learned" understand all this now, and the unlearned are fast getting hold of it. The true value of Mr. Henry George's "Progress and Poverty" is the unanswerable demand it makes that the people's ancient natural right in the earth's common capital be revived and satisfied. Thus the new school of political economists, both in Europe and America, have shown, more or less explicitly, that the true purpose of taxation is a double one. The main purpose, indeed, is to collect from a nation's wealth the people's common right in it. Complemental to this purpose is the payment of public expenses out of the people's fund.

Science now asks, with other questions: What *is* a people's common right in the property of a country they maintain? I think the question has been answered.

But one thing is certain: Whatever the amount of any tax should be, all taxation should bear equally upon all property. It is impossible to move the common

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sense of mankind from this pivot, however selfishly and dishonestly the rich have always dodged around it. Adam Smith said: "The subjects of every State ought to contribute toward the support of the government as nearly as possible in proportion to their respective abilities." Then he almost spoiled that bit of unalloyed wisdom by adding: "that is, in proportion to the revenue which they respectively enjoy under the protection of the State." Here is the income tax; but if he had left off his addendum, his principle would have been understood to demand a direct tax on assets in proportion to holdings.

There is no other tax really worth consideration. A tax on incomes always includes a fine imposed upon persons who handle property to the best advantage. In seasons of close competition, or in "hard times," it puts a premium on the stoppage of industry, and leads to "slow, sure investments," thus injuring the whole community in all directions. But a tax on assets pushes them into active use, that their value may not diminish, in spite of the deduction for the public.

Scientific taxation will consist of ascertaining a people's exact right and share in the wealth of any country, collecting it rigidly, paying all legitimate public expenses out of it, and then redistributing the surplus for the production of new wealth, through the employment of idle labor.

But one point will have to be emphasized with unmistakable force. The man who dodges his lawful tax should be punished, if necessary, to the extent of confiscating his whole property, and confining him in the State prison. There is no offense against property that ought to be met with more severe penalties.

EDWARD GORDON CLARK.

III.

SHOULD WOMEN BE HANGED?

THIS purely sentimental question has recently come before the public with a good deal of prominence, by reason of various homicides by women and the death-sentences following the crimes. Wendell Phillips used to insist that, as women in the United States could be sent to jail and choked on the gallows, they should have a voice in making the laws by which they are imprisoned and hanged. Execution without representation is not exactly in accordance with modern democracy and its general course of legislation. This objection against the hanging of women may not be considered weighty enough to save their necks, particularly as the majority of women give conclusive evidence, so far, that they prefer indirect representation, through their masculine subordinates, to a direct vote themselves, at the saloons and barber-shops where the right of suffrage is commonly exercised. Still, the objection of the women's-rights people appears to be the only one resting on sense, not sentiment. If the distinction of sex is to save women from legal responsibility for their acts, men will then be apt to commit their most deliberate crimes by representation, and, as society is now organized, will readily find enough female agents for their purposes. No; there must be the same general laws for men and women, or there may as well be no laws at all.

So the question of hanging women is really the question of hanging anybody, either man or woman. Is capital punishment a right thing at all? And, if it is right, is there any need of using so coarse, ostentatious, and sickening a tool as the gallows to send any human being out of a material condition, always precarious, at best, and easily ended in hundreds of quiet, decorous ways? The present Governor of New York has certainly done an excellent thing in asking the *savants* and the legislators whether it is wise to continue the erection of gibbets in the Empire State.

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I, for one, do not doubt the perfect right of society to protect the whole body politic against its individual members, in any necessary way. Doubtless, too, the fear of death does often restrain people from committing capital offenses. Suppose that imprisonment for life at hard labor should be substituted for the death penalty, and then criminals should attempt to kill their fellow-prisoners or legal guardians. It would seem that the line saving such malefactors from death, at the risk of other lives, ought to be drawn somewhere. Life is not so utterly "sacred" that good lives must be sacrificed to bad ones.

The common sense of mankind has so far decided that the death penalty should be modified to the progress of civilization, rather than abolished altogether; and this decision may be found correct in ultimate principle, as well as temporary policy. But one point of the discussion is clear: No calm and decent community in the world now demands that revenge and torture be mixed with legal inflictions, though the feeling that disgrace should attend execution, as an additional preventive to crime, may have something to do with the retention, by the various civilized nations, of their legal implements of death.

America has inherited the gallows. It is a British incentive to virtue, though Austria still preserves it, in common with England, Ireland, and Scotland. France, always demanding briskness and good taste, but always bloody enough, uses the guillotine. This powerful knife, rigged on the principle of a spile-driver, simply reduces to the certainty and expedition of mechanics the old practice of beheadal, still followed in most European states. The soldier, being a man of war and of honor, is usually shot for grave dereliction or disobedience, as he is apt to be, also, for doing his whole duty. But the soldier, too, sometimes goes to the gallows, when special disgrace is intended for him.

In the days of Blackstone—only a little more than a century ago—there were a hundred and sixty capital offenses in England. Treason and murder now constitute the list. In the United States seven other crimes may, in certain instances, be expiated by the death-penalty. These are piracy, arson, rape, the rescue of a prisoner on the way to execution, and the burning or destroying of vessels.

The modern study of physical and mental phenomena has led to the conclusion that criminals are merely the victims of birth or circumstance; and even bad blood is usually overcome by favorable surroundings. But the fact of criminality, however it may arise, necessitates restraint or extinguishment. And that is all. It does not necessitate unseemly terrors or tortures.

Let all considerate, humane, and even artistic people encourage the abolition of the gallows. It is a hideous and clumsy structure, when a little morphine or chloroform, a few drops of laudanum, or even the fumes from a quart of charcoal will perform the easy task of banishing a poor human soul from its frail tenement of clay.

HELEN MAR WILKS.

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CURRENT AMERICAN LITERATURE.

By far the most important of recent contributions to American historical literature is the posthumous narrative,* in which Gen. McClellan recounts his experience in the war of the rebellion. The materials relating to the Peninsula and Maryland campaigns had, it seems, been collected and discussed by the author without any view to their immediate publication, and the consequently needful work of selection has been judiciously performed by Dr. W. C. Prime, to whom we are also indebted for a prefatory sketch, which is an admirable example of a brief biography. One of the main objects of this book is to set forth the evidence for the conviction, firmly held by Gen. McClellan, that his army was deliberately sacrificed in the Peninsula by politicians possessed of great influence at Washington, who preferred to see the Civil War prolonged rather than the Union re-established at a date and under conditions fatal to such changes of the Federal Constitution as would insure the abolition of slavery. It cannot be denied that much documentary proof is here forthcoming to sustain this accusation, which is particularly leveled at Secretaries Chase and Stanton. Thus, according to the editor of his diary (Warden), Mr. Chase, on July 2, 1862, urged Mr. Lincoln to remove McClellan on the ground "that I did not regard Gen. McClellan as *loyal to the administration*, although I did not question *his general loyalty to the country*." From this avowal, Mr. Prime, the editor of this volume, not unreasonably infers that "the controlling consideration of such leaders as Mr. Chase in the use of the blood and the treasure of the people, was the supremacy of party, and not the success of the country." Still more significant are the extracts from Mr. Chase's private diary under date of the appeal to McClellan to defend the capital after Pope's defeat. "I remarked," writes Mr. Chase, "that this [the defense of Washington] could be done equally well by the engineers who constructed the forts." And again, "I remarked that I could not but feel that giving command to him [McClellan] was equivalent to giving Washington to the rebels. This, and more, I said." Additional light is cast on the attitude of Chase and Stanton at this time by Mr. Welles, Secretary of the Navy, in his book, "Lincoln and Seward." He records that at the cabinet meeting on Tuesday, September 2d, 1862, "Stanton entered the council-room a few moments in advance of Mr. Lincoln, and said, with great excitement, he had just learned from Gen. Halleck that the President had placed McClellan in command of the forces in Washington. The President soon came in, and, in answer to an inquiry from Mr. Chase, confirmed what Stanton had stated. General regret was expressed, and Stanton, with some feeling, remarked that no order to that effect had issued from the War Department. The President calmly, but with some emphasis, said the order was his, and he would be responsible for it to the country. Before separating, the Secretary of the Treasury [Chase] expressed his apprehen-

* McClellan's Own Story. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

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sion that the reinstatement of McClellan would prove a national calamity." Further and equally definite testimony to the same effect, given by Postmaster-General Blair, is now in the hands of Mr. Prime, and bears the date of April 22d, 1870: "The bitterness of Stanton on the reinstatement of McClellan you can scarcely conceive. He preferred to see the capital fall. McClellan was bound to go when the emergency was passed, and Halleck and Stanton furnished a pretense." This statement is reiterated by Mr. Blair in a subsequent letter dated April 3d, 1879: "The folly and disregard of public interests thus exhibited would be incredible, but that the authors of this intrigue, Messrs. Stanton and Chase, when the result of it came, and I proposed the restoration of McClellan to command, and to prevent the completion of ruin by the fall of this capital, *actually declared that they would prefer the loss of the capital to the restoration of McClellan to command.* Yet these are the men who have been accounted by a large portion of our countrymen as the civil heroes of the war, while McClellan, who saved the capital [at Antietam] was dismissed." In view of this cumulative evidence, it will not be easy for unprejudiced readers to resist the conclusion that, however these machinations may have inured to the public good through that ultimate abolition of slavery, which as yet had not been officially proposed, McClellan was a victim of political purposes, with which, as a soldier, he could not be conversant, and of men whom he supposed to mean what they had said. Another point on which the editor of this narrative lays stress, and which well deserves to be remembered, is the fact that under the order of September 2d, 1862, which was never modified, McClellan was not authorized to direct forces in the field, but was distinctly restricted to the "command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the capital." In other words, McClellan led the Army of the Potomac to the swiftest and most brilliant campaign in its history, to the momentous victories of South Mountain and Antietam, without any written warrant from the authorities at Washington, or, to use his own expression, "with the halter around his neck." Had he failed, he might have been court-martialled. He won, and was dismissed. The effect of this and many another revelation, now for the first time backed with conclusive proof, is to fully justify the assertion of McClellan and of his friend, the editor, that the history of the Civil War could not be accurately written until McClellan's story had been told. We should add that the General's letters to his wife, many extracts from which are printed in this volume, exhibit the writer's character in a singularly amiable and interesting light.

A book which should be read in connection with McClellan's narrative is General F. A. Walker's History of the Second Army Corps.* Although the specific aim of this work is rather biographical than critical, the author does not refrain from expressing his personal opinions regarding some of the controversies raised by the conduct of the Peninsula and Antietam campaigns. The general effect of his testimony to the value of McClellan's services, and to the confidence reposed in that commander by the officers and soldiers who served under him, is not materially lessened by some qualifications in relation to McClellan's course on particular occasions. For example, writing of the battle of Fair-Oaks, Gen. Walker submits that there were grounds for complaint as to the way in which the functions of the Commander of the Union Army were exercised. "With troops," he says, "to many of whom it was to be their first battle, under corps-commanders picked from the colonels of the regular army, and staff-officers almost absolutely war and

* History of the Second Army Corps, by Francis A. Walker. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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uninstructed, it will always seem strange that Gen. McClellan did not feel that his place was with the half of his army that was to fight, rather than with that half which was not to fight." Again, after describing the situation in the Peninsula on the eve of the battle of Mechanicsville (which took place June 26th, 1862), Gen. Walker concurs with those military critics who opine that "McClellan, in this instance, as elsewhere, overestimated his adversary's strength. This is the point to which the hostile criticism of his military career must chiefly be directed. This was the prime cause of his defeat on the Peninsula, and of his comparative failure (?) in Maryland. The Comte de Paris, then his Staff-Officer, assures us that on the occasion we have described, McClellan believed that Jackson's arrival would swell Lee's army to 160,000 men. It was in this mistaken view of his adversary's numbers that McClellan decided not to fight for his communications, but to retreat to the James River." We observe further, that on page 98, when discussing the battle of Antietam, Gen. Walker joins issue with the Comte de Paris, who asserts that the slow movements of the Union forces, by which that engagement was delayed, should be ascribed to their antecedent demoralization in Pope's campaign. According to the Comte de Paris, "two weeks only had elapsed since McClellan had taken command of this army, or rather this disorganized mob. He had not been able to transform it sufficiently to secure that regularity and perseverance in the march which, even more than steadiness under fire, constitutes the superiority of old troops." This averment is pronounced by Gen. Walker "altogether erroneous." He declares that the Potomac Army, excepting possibly the First and Twelfth Corps, was "in better condition on the 15th of September, 1862 [the eve of Antietam], than on the 30th of June, 1863 [the eve of Gettysburg]." In Walker's judgment, the superiority of 1863 over 1862 was in "the spirit that animated general headquarters, and in the organization of the staff." Notwithstanding these allusions to what the historian of the Second Army Corps considers McClellan's limitations, Gen. Walker acknowledges that it was absolutely inexcusable to supersede him by Burnside. "The first Commander of the Army of the Potomac had not one fault or deficiency which was not found greatly exaggerated in his successor, while of McClellan's many high qualifications, Burnside had hardly a trace. Those who selected Burnside for a fearful responsibility, against his own will, can only be excused from criminality by the plea that they were not judges of character; that they could not interpret acts, or even read the plainest indications of physiognomy." But Gen. Walker does not confine himself to such faint praise of McClellan as is implied in this comparison with Burnside. He goes much further and admits that, "even had the administration been prepared to replace Gen. McClellan by an officer of equal ability, it would still have been fairly a matter of hesitation, for it is a serious thing to strike at a sentiment like that with which the army regarded their first chief. Such a degree of affection and confidence itself constitutes a powerful reenforcement to that military strength which can be at any time called out and used without regard to the personality of the commander." Though not, as we have seen, a partial critic, Gen. Walker adds his testimony to the unanimous affirmance of McClellan's military comrades that, "No other commander ever aroused the same enthusiasm in the troops, whether in degree, or in kind. The soldiers fairly loved to look upon him; the sight of him brought cheers spontaneously from every lip; his voice was music to every ear. Let military critics or political enemies say what they will, he who could move the hearts of a great army, as the wind sways long rows of standing corn, was no ordinary man; nor was he who took such heavy toll of Joseph E. Johnston and Robert E. Lee an ordinary soldier."

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Since Washington Irving was sent as Minister to Madrid, few American diplomatists have turned their opportunities to better account than has Mr. Benjamin, lately Minister to Teheran. He has given us* the observations of an accomplished traveler, rather than the discoveries of an archæologist, and his work is all the better done because he did not try to do too much. It is the Persia of to-day which he endeavors to make known to us, not the Persia of Abbasid, Sassanid, Parthian, Seleucid, and Achæmenid times. Not that there are not extant architectural vestiges of all those epochs, but each of them requires the careful study of a specialist for right interpretation. But, by giving minute delineation of Iran under the present dynasty, in what is probably the latest period of its independent existence, Mr. Benjamin has produced in a definite and lasting form an important chapter in that exhaustive history of Persia which may ultimately be written. Nor will he who follows the author's discussion of the arts of Persia fail to recognize at all events such a familiarity with the long annals of the country as is needed for an elucidation of the present by the past. We observe that Mr. Benjamin inclines to regard the actual state of Persian art as one of transition, rather than of decay, though he omits to suggest how native methods and ideals can be adjusted to the strange conditions of Russian ascendency, to which they seem destined to be presently subjected. The Persian assimilated Greek culture, and imposed his own civilization on the Caliphate of Bagdad, but it is hard to see how anything analogous to either result can follow his impending absorption in the Russian Empire. It is, however, we repeat, just because the existence of Persia as an independent nationality, tolerably faithful to its social and artistic traditions, seems drawing to a close, that this vivid and appreciative picture of its actual condition will have a permanent value for the sociologist and ethnologist.

The method followed in Green's "Making of England" has been happily adapted by Mr. Drake† to the first half century of New England history. Nothing better indicates the author's competence than the simple fact that a quarter of his volume is devoted to the work done by explorers before the landing of the Pilgrims. They who imagine that the history of New England begins with the settlement of Plymouth, assume that the Mayflower emigrants came to an unknown country, while the fact is that the entire sea coast, from the St. Lawrence to the Delaware, had been traced, its bays and rivers surveyed and described with considerable accuracy, the abodes and customs of the native tribes made known, and the resources of the country explained and exemplified. The route had been made familiar by the log-books of a thousand sailors, and the little band that left their refuge in Holland for Massachusetts Bay had more information about the land at which they aimed than was accessible to American settlers on the Pacific Coast as late as 1840. Another feature of the book, which shows how well the author understands the limitations of his subject, is his recognition that the making of New England was virtually complete with the Confederacy of 1643 between the colonies of Massachusetts, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven. It was at least as proper for Mr. Drake to close his narrative at this point as it would be to consider the Making of Old England finished with the consolidation of Kent, Wessex, Mercia, and Northumbria, under Egbert.

* Persia and the Persians, by S. G. W. Benjamin. Boston: Ticknor & Co.

† The Making of New England, by S. A. Drake. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

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